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CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . Page 333
BLIND MAN'S BLUFF 335
THE ECONOMIC BASIS OF FASCISM. By John Strachey 336
A LONDON DIARY 338
THIS ENGLAND 339
"A WORLD BRAINS TRUST." By Ritchie Calder . 339
GRUMBLERS. By Y. Y. 341
BACK TO THE LAND? V. By L. F. Easterbrook . 342
DEDICATION. By Sagittarius 343
CORRESPONDENCE 343
From Lindley Fraser; J.; Bank Clerk; Isobel Brown; John Barclay and Roy Walker; Philip Cox; E. M. Hugh-Jones; Rev. Pitt Bonarjee; Kenneth Bell; Otto Baier; Joseph King; Raymond Postgate; R. E. Swartwout.
TOSCA. By Lord Derwent . . . . Page 346
THE CRISIS. By Michael Zoshchenko . . . 347
POETS AND MUSICIANS. By W. J. Turner . . 347
PLAYS AND PICTURES 348
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By David Garnett . . . 349
REVIEWS:
Honourable Murder. By Kingsley Martin . . 350
New Novels. By John Mair 350
Eighteenth Century Essays. By Peter Quennell . 351
The Prophet. By Leonard Woolf . . . 352
British Foreign Policy. By Harold J. Laski . 353
Lost Horizons. By Raymond Alderson . . 354
The Moffat Bible. By G. W. Stonier . . 354
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 358
CROSSWORD 360
THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Dives . . . 362

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE details of the Czechs' latest proposals are apparently only to be published if and when they have been accepted by Henlein (prompted, of course, by Hitler) as a basis for negotiation. As we go to press we do not know the result of the Sudeten party's meeting on Thursday. These proposals apparently represent the limit to which Dr. Benes is prepared to go. The solution would mean the institution of a large number of cantons on the lines of the old minorities proposal of 1920; it would pass education, social services and a large share of financial control into the hands of the cantons and should satisfy, if they can be satisfied with Czechoslovakia, all reasonable Sudeten-German demands and remedy their political grievances. The Central Government would maintain the control of their own police, army, foreign policy and national budget. Predominantly German areas would have German officials and all the substance of self government. Even so, there would be serious danger of a German minority, impregnated with the Nazi outlook, attempting to build a State within a State and being used by Hitler as a continuous instrument of blackmail. We may hope, however, that if this proposal is accepted, cooler thoughts, already reported to be troubling many of the avowed Nazis among the Sudeten Germans, might gradually lead them to accept a fair and generous settlement as a permanent *modus vivendi*.

Hitler at Nuremberg

Acceptance of these proposals and the possibility of ever again making loyal citizens of Czechoslovakia out of the Sudeten Germans depends, of course, on Hitler. No one knows what he will say to the Nazi hordes at Nuremberg. The atmosphere must in any case be terribly dangerous, with a million and a half men under arms, a wildly excited Nazi rally and a fanatical spirit across the Bohemian frontier. There are reasons, however, for hoping that Hitler will not go to the extremes of war, but will satisfy his followers by announcing a very substantial triumph as the result of the greatest display of force ever organised to bully a smaller nation. If he does call off his legions it will be because he is aware of the certainty of general war if he crosses the frontier. That war would mean the destruction of Germany even more surely than the destruction of other countries. The Czechs, who have maintained the most admirable restraint and courage, could themselves retaliate in a devastating fashion, even apart from the action of their more powerful allies. Moreover, Hitler is aware that the provocative lies of Dr. Goebbels' press have tended rather to frighten than to rouse the mass of the German people, that a large body of industrialists in Germany as well as

leading members of his general staff are opposed to war and, as he is a man of cunning and caution as well as of violence, the chances seem at the moment in favour of peace. On the other hand it is not encouraging to find a recrudescence of violence in the German press over an alleged frontier shooting incident, and to hear that Dr. Franck, reported to be one of the more extreme of the Sudeten-German leaders, is presiding over the Party meeting, while Henlein has been summoned to Berchtesgaden. This is a terrible reminder of the situation immediately before the invasion of Austria.

The Catholic Bishops

The expulsion of the Bishop of Rothenburg was an event unusual even in Germany. Dr. Sprott incurred the displeasure of the Nazis by refusing to vote in the Anschluss plebiscite. As a result, 5,000 Nazis were imported into the town in motor buses to express the popular discontent. They broke into the palace, burnt the Bishop's papers and smashed their way into his private chapel, where they found him at prayer. In spite of these blunt hints that he was unwanted, Dr. Sprott refused to resign, and last week he was expelled from his diocese by Government orders. This action has called forth from the German bishops the sharpest manifesto they have yet issued. A pastoral letter read aloud last Sunday in all churches declares: "The object of our enemies has become clearer—it is nothing less than . . . the uprooting of Christianity itself and its supercession by a faith which has nothing to do with belief in God." Brave words, and nobly different in tone from Cardinal Innitzer's declaration of support for the Anschluss. After five years of compromise and toleration, it is difficult to envisage any effective opposition on the part of the Church to the Nazi Government. Even if, as seems possible, Hitler now proceeds to a confiscation of Church property, he will have little immediately to fear from the Church as such, but he will certainly increase discontent and strengthen the forces of freedom in Germany.

Longer Hours in France

For the moment the rift between M. Daladier and the parties to the Left of the Radical-Socialists has been healed. The French Premier has repudiated the intention of delivering a frontal attack on the 40-hour week and the delegation of the Left-wing Parliamentary parties, which met last Saturday to review the situation, has expressed its satisfaction that the (rather less than more united) Front Populaire will continue to uphold M. Blum's legislative edifice. On Tuesday a decree was signed authorising the extension of overtime without limit in national defence industries and up to the limit of a further 100 hours per annum in all other industries. Since overtime in almost every industry is already being worked under the authority of previous decrees, the new decree seems unlikely to arouse serious opposition. The real difficulty relates to the rates of overtime payment. These range at present from "time and a quarter" to "time and a half." M. Daladier has expressed the view that additions to which hourly rates on overtime account should not exceed 10 per cent. This question, however, is being shelved until the Chamber meets again, probably in November. Meanwhile no settlement has been reached in the Marseilles dockers' strike, and its extension to other ports is still threatened.

Spanish Front

Overshadowed by the Czech crisis, developments of considerable importance have been taking place in the Spanish war. With the rear of his columns moving against Sagunto menaced by the Government forces still entrenched across the Ebro, and his flank threatened by the Republican attack near Teruel, General Franco was forced a fortnight ago to stage, in his turn, a fresh diversion in the south. His offensive made considerable progress and at one time began to threaten the valuable mercury mines at Almaden. This threat has now been removed. The Government had to suspend its attack from Teruel in order to strengthen the southern front, where successful counter-attacks have been delivered, but the rebels have still failed to dislodge the Republicans from their positions east of Gandesa in the Ebro sector, and the insurgent drive towards Valencia is still held up. The game of check and counter-check has gone favourably for the Government so far as the main issue is concerned. The question is whether sufficient Italian reinforcements are being dispatched to enable Franco to increase his pressure. For the fourth time Sir Noel Charles visited Count Ciano this week to expostulate at renewed Italian "intervention," only to depart, apparently, with a blandly lodged flea in his ambassadorial ear.

Troubled Palestine

Since Mr. Malcolm MacDonald announced, in his broadcast on August 11th, that "decisions must be reached with the least possible delay," conditions in Palestine have grown progressively worse. A British Assistant District Commissioner has been assassinated in his office; attacks on Jews have become increasingly numerous, and there have been serious clashes between garrison troops and armed Arab malcontents. The Arabs doubtless hope that a continued campaign of terrorism may induce the British Government to accede to their two chief demands—the abandonment of partition and the cessation of further Jewish immigration. How far disorders are being fomented by agents of the "Axis" is a matter for conjecture. Certainly Berlin and Rome are not sorry that, at this critical juncture in European affairs, Britain should have another "Ireland"—with all that that conveyed in terms of 1914 history—on her hands. What policy in regard to Palestine will be adopted by the Cabinet is anybody's guess. The immediate need is that some policy should be finally declared. Procrastination is taking a heavy toll of wasted lives.

Guerilla Warfare

Ever since the fall of Nanking, the Chinese have been using mobile tactics with increasing success. Guerilla fighting is now a serious menace wherever the Japanese are in occupation of Chinese territory. Whilst Japanese troops are massed on the Hankow front, guerillas have been active within two and a half miles of Shanghai; in the North their most daring exploit was to explode a mine under a Japanese military train only 50 yards outside the Peking City Wall. These guerilla bands, springing up everywhere, composed of farmers, labourers and students, are plaguing the Japanese at every turn. In

these circumstances, the loss of a city is not a decisive point in the war. General Itagaki in his press statement this week suggests that this applies even to such towns as Hankow, Wuchang and Hanyang. With 800,000 Chinese troops defending, the Japanese have made very slow progress in their drive towards Hankow. At critical points in the struggle, to penetrate the Chinese defences, they are reported to be using poison gas. Their recent exploits in bringing down and machine-gunning an air liner, their use of poison gas (now reported, apparently on good authority) and their air raids on Kiangshan, 100 miles north-west of Hankow, where, on Monday, 200 bombs killed over 1,000 people, all illustrate their desperate desire to hasten the capture of Hankow. But if they do capture Hankow, the war will not be ended. The struggle will only be intensified.

Milk Prices

The new agreement between the Milk Marketing Board and the Central Milk Distribution Committee regulating milk prices for the 1938-39 season simplifies book-keeping, but leaves untouched the crux of the problem—how consumption of liquid milk is to be stimulated. The London retail price is fixed at 7*d.* per quart for each of the coming twelve months, instead of rising to 7½*d.* in November-February and falling to 6*d.* (as provided in the last agreement) in May-July. Actually, this year a penny per quart was added to the retail price in July to offset increased feeding costs attributable to the spring drought. Thus the consumer will not be worse off under the new contract, and the farmers have wisely agreed not to press for higher liquid milk prices. The trouble is that milk at 7*d.* a quart is too expensive a food for its consumption in working-class households to increase sufficiently to make up for the unremunerative prices at which manufacturing milk is sold. At present the only solution is to extend the provision of milk to children and other "marginal" consumers at assisted prices.

Sheep Slump

Milk producers may be troubled with high feeding costs, but their position is enviable in comparison with that of the sheep-growers. As a result partly of increased arrivals of Antipodean mutton, partly of the fall in wool prices, and partly of an unusual rate of fertility among British ewes last spring, the market value of lambs has fallen by nearly 15 shillings a head as compared with a year ago. This means not only that farmers are receiving much less for young stock sold off the farm, but that the value of the country's sheep population has depreciated in twelve months by something like £20,000,000. The Border country is particularly hard hit, but from all the sheep-raising districts come insistent demands either that imports should be subject to stricter quantitative limitation or that the fat cattle subsidy should be extended to embrace fat lambs. The Ministry of Agriculture has declared that such an extension is impracticable. There are obvious administrative difficulties; but since the Dominions would protest vigorously at further curtailment of their shipments, Mr. Morrison will be pressed, when Parliament meets, to change his mind.

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BLIND MAN'S BLUFF

THE British people are waking up at last to the ghastly game of poker being played between the capitals of Europe. What is this crisis? Hitler is staking everything on the domination of Czechoslovakia. He cares no more for the Sudeten-Germans (who, it is pointed out, should properly be called the "German-speaking Bohemians") than for the true German minority which is seriously oppressed by his friends the Poles. He wants quickly to control Czechoslovakia and possess the granaries, oil-wells and minerals to which it is a master key. He would prefer to pull this off as another triumph without a war. Alternatively, he would fight an isolated war with Czechoslovakia. He certainly is not ready for, nor does he ever want, a world war which would be more certainly destructive to Germany and his regime than to any of the other Great Powers. He knows that German towns are vulnerable to Czech, Russian, British and French aeroplanes and that, once war was begun, he would lose control of events. He knows, as every capital in Europe knows, that all the Great Powers are afraid of bombing each other, and he may hope once again to create a *fait accompli* before England and France interfere. He succeeded on the Rhineland and in Austria, and after laughing at the comic antics of Britain and France over Spain, where there was no serious danger for them, and where the French army and the British and French navies could have stopped intervention at any time they liked, he is unlikely to take seriously any but the most explicit warning. It may be presumed that privately things have been said to underline the implications of Sir John Simon's speech and to assure him of the consequences of an armed attack.

But there was little in Sir John's speech to warn the fanatical Nazis who surround Hitler; no appeal to the German people; not enough to give support to the discontented and frightened elements in the German public. It has been truly said that the peculiar vice of British foreign policy under the National Government has been to lie to their friends and tell the truth to their enemies, with the result that it is distrusted and misunderstood on both sides. The fact is, that if Hitler advances into Czechoslovakia there will be war, involving Britain. As this is the truth, why not say it while saying it would be useful? But the Czechs are told not to rely too much on us. The Germans are warned that we shall not be able to hold aloof. But as they know what is said to the Czechs, they may bet on the pleasanter version.

The Czech issue is, therefore, as we have repeatedly said, not between Prague and Berlin, but between London, Paris and Berlin. We do not include Moscow, because the attitude of the U.S.S.R. is the one clear factor in the situation. Russia is not afraid; if Czechoslovakia were to be destroyed without general war, Russia would retire even further into isolation, making such terms as she could with Germany, confident that Hitler would regard the prizes of the West and his ancient vengeance against France and the British Empire as more profitable fields of achievement than those stretches of land which he could only occupy at the price of a long war with a country far too big to conquer and secure in the possession of vast resources far away from the battlefield. On the other hand, if France comes to the help of Czechoslovakia—as she has again

engaged to do—Russia has once more informed the German Ambassador that she will fully live up to her obligations. This means the despatch of aeroplanes and probably also of substantial bodies of troops. Her help, however, depends on France, and Hitler may calculate on the time it takes for France to mobilise and on the hesitations of democracies to begin a war on the western front because he has begun one on the opposite frontier.

His tactics therefore are obvious. By mobilising a million and a half men, by an accompaniment of lies and distortion such as countries have hitherto only indulged in during war-time itself, he hopes to blackmail and bully his opponents into surrender. He attempts to frighten all the Powers by diplomatic representations and warnings. Everything is being done to put the Czechs in the wrong. It is suggested that the very wide concessions they have so far made are mere tricks, valueless for the removal of the grievances of Sudeten-Germans; the slightest incident in the Sudeten areas, where, in fact, the Czechs have behaved with courage, calm and restraint, is magnified throughout the German press as a bloody attack on their racial kinsmen. Stories are circulated of Marxist plots and no mention is made of their denials when the forgeries are exposed. The deliberately false picture of the situation is built up with the primary purpose of mobilising all German opinion behind the Führer in any action he takes against the Czechs. Hitler may hope too that these methods may have effect in other countries, such as England, which he totally misunderstands. Here he seems to be repeating the mistakes of the Kaiser, who also thought England decadent and pointed to the trouble in Ireland as a proof of England's incapacity. The Nazis are using Palestine to draw the same fallacious moral. The British Government seems never to have informed Hitler of British detestation of the Nazi system. Perhaps he still has illusions about the influence of his wealthy and aristocratic admirers in Britain.

What can still be done before it is too late? In the first place, we must distinguish between our hatred of Nazi methods and our respect for the good qualities that still exist in the people of Germany. The practical way is to appeal to them direct. Every resource of the wireless and other propaganda should be used to tell the German people of the peril into which Hitler is leading them; to assure them that we have no quarrel with them and that only their government and its policy exclude them from their place in the full sunshine of international trade and their equal access to the raw materials and markets of the world. Further, apart from the certainty that Hitler is leading them into war, the German people and all the rest of the world should be told, in carefully considered terms, that the great democratic nations stand together and will not trade or have relations with any Power threatening armed aggression. Lastly, the whole negotiations should be brought into the open and British pressure transferred from Prague to Berlin. The pretence of an independent Henlein party should be finally exposed. It would strengthen the forces of peace to call an immediate conference in which Hitler should be invited to state his demands. Nothing that Germany wants should be excluded from discussion, but if Hitler refused to lay his cards on the table the conference should remain as a standing committee, ready to take whatever action is best calculated to preserve peace. Since it would involve no commitments in Europe, Mr. Roosevelt could presumably agree to be associated with such a pacific effort. If such a gathering of the democratic forces of the world were speedily called together—and it could be done at a day's notice—Hitler might be impressed for the first time with the unity and strength of the forces against him. If war comes, those forces will certainly be drawn in and speedily united against Germany. It would be well to make this clear before it is too late.

THE ECONOMIC BASIS OF FASCISM

IN the course of the long drawn-out controversy over the world policy of the National Government, an underlying question of fact is beginning to emerge.

The issue can perhaps be stated briefly as follows—is, or is not, a war of aggression an economic necessity for Fascist regimes? In other words, is the economic structure of Fascist Germany, in particular, of such a kind that it cannot exist indefinitely, either as a closed system or by trading with the rest of the world, without continuous and aggressive expansion? Is that structure of such a nature that it must disintegrate and collapse unless it is continually conquering for itself new markets, new spheres of investment for exported capital, new sources of labour to exploit, and raw materials to extract?

The importance of this issue need hardly be stressed. If the Fascist economic structure is stable, and self-sufficient in the above sense, then Fascist States can continue to exist indefinitely without aggressive expansion into the rest of the world. In that case a world policy, not indeed identical with that of the National Government, for that has been actively and malignantly pro-Fascist, but a world policy of compromise and concession to the Fascist Powers, would clearly have a great deal to be said for it. If there were nothing in the nature of a Fascist economy which drives its rulers into ceaseless aggression, then, by conciliation and concession, we might hope and expect to reach a permanent accommodation with them.

The undeniable acts of aggression which Fascist States are continually committing to-day would be seen as accidental and incidental; as the consequence of the accident that both Fascist leaders are aggressively minded men. This phase might be expected to pass if these Fascist leaders were tactfully handled. I cannot help thinking that considerations of this sort lie behind, not indeed the calculations of the Cabinet, but of many sincere persons who, though with increasing reluctance, are still on the whole supporting the world policy of the National Government.

If, however, this is not the case; if it is true that the nature of " the house that Hitler built "—to use the title of one of the recent works on Fascist Germany—is of such a kind that it cannot stand unless it reaches out aggressively for the annexation of all the rest of the houses in the street, then the attempt to preserve peace by dealing with the Fascist States along the lines of compromise and conciliation will clearly be disastrous. On this hypothesis it will be by the creation of a peace-*bloc* of States, so vigilant, so united and so powerful that neither the Italian nor the German General staffs would obey orders to attack them, that the second World War can be averted; and by that alone.

How then can we decide this basic issue of the nature of the economic structures of the Fascist regimes? There are surely only two methods. We can study the economic facts of these regimes from curves of production and consumption, from the distribution of income within them, from the effect of their taxation on the distribution of purchasing power, from the methods by which their armament programmes are financed, from the growth of their national debt, and from their

foreign trade statistics. Secondly, we can examine, to relapse into jargon, the ideology of these states. We can see whether the system of ideas which Fascist regimes attempt to instil into the populations subject to them, are of such a kind as we should expect to appear within economies which could not exist except by unremitting aggressive expansion.

To take the second, and less important, point first; it is notorious that Fascist regimes inculcate an idolatry of aggressive war. I suppose that those who see no connection between the economic structure of society and the ideas which dominate it will be unimpressed by this argument. But is it really possible to conceive that this elaborate, and Satanic, world outlook has not arisen as the reflection and justification of an economic necessity?

Undoubtedly, however, the more important evidence is to be derived from a realistic study of what is actually happening within the Fascist economies. Here one must say that far too little objective and exhaustive study of the actual workings of the Fascist economies has, as yet, been made. Such work is proceeding. Until it has been completed it is only possible to say what preliminary investigation indicates.

I believe that it will be found, upon a thorough examination of the now fully functioning Fascist economy of Nazi Germany, in particular, that Fascism is no new economic system. It will be found that it is, on the contrary, merely the contemporary form of existence of Capitalist Imperialism. The fields, the factories and the mines, the means of production, of Germany are still in the hands of the same people who owned them before 1933. They are still operated if and when their operation yields rent, interest and profit to these persons; and not unless. New means of production come into existence when those persons who receive rent, interest and profit, or those persons to whom they have lent their profits, believe that the creation of new means of production will yield them still further profit; and not unless.

Hence, if it emerges that a Fascist economy cannot exist without perpetual aggression, this will not be because it is something fundamentally different from Capitalist Imperialism as we have known it for the past half century. It will be because the necessity of aggressive expansion is a characteristic of Capitalist Imperialism itself, and that Fascism is the most up-to-date form of Capitalist Imperialism.

We must not, however, on any account go to the other extreme and suggest that because the Fascist regimes are Capitalist, they exhibit no new economic characteristics. On the contrary, Fascism is undoubtedly a new form of Capitalist society. It is new not only on its political side; it exhibits new economic characteristics; carries certain characteristics of monopoly capitalism far further than they have been carried anywhere else in the world.

It is these new characteristics of Fascist economies which mislead some observers into believing that the Fascist regimes are in some sense anti-capitalist. What these observers notice is that the ruck of small, and even medium sized, independent, capitalist concerns often suffer in Fascist regimes. They are regimented, restricted, controlled and heavily taxed. In whose interests is all this done? Sufficiently close study will show, I submit, that it is done in the interests of a limited number of the great, centralised trusts which have become almost perfectly fused with the State apparatus.

This fusion at once makes possible and necessitates a new degree of centralised direction and control throughout the system. Above all, the problem of investment, of "reproduction on an expanded scale," as Marx called it, which has become the key problem for all capitalist societies, can now be tackled centrally. The Western Capitalist societies are breaking down because they are failing to solve this issue. Their capitalists can still extract masses of rent, interest and profit from working their existing means of production; but the class into whose hands these sums pour cannot find profitable fields in which to invest them.

This is the problem upon which Mr. Keynes, in his recent work, *The General Theory of Interest, Employment and Money*, has concentrated our attention. Mr. Keynes has shown in theory, and the Nazis have shown in practice, that a possible temporary solution to this problem is offered if the State borrows a substantial proportion of this accumulated, but uninvestable, surplus from the individual capitalists. The State then uses this surplus for some form of unproductive expenditure. Mr. Keynes playfully suggests pyramid building, or the search for banknotes secreted by treasury officials at the bottom of filled-in coal mines. The Nazis build armaments.

It is no doubt *conceivable* that a new kind of slave State, which would no longer be capitalism, and which would not, therefore, suffer from the contradictions and compulsions of capitalism, could be built up on these lines. Such a State would keep its wage-earning population on or near subsistence wages; take from them every right to choose their form of work or have any say in their conditions of work or remuneration; and expend the vast surplus produced over and above what was needed to maintain the wage-earners on subsistence wages, and the capitalists in any degree of luxury they desired, upon endless armament building. It is worth noticing that the two great economic decrees of the German Government which have been published during the past two months have (1) announced the intention of the German Government to compel citizens to perform any work, and (2) have taken powers to prevent any possibility of wages rising. Such a society would be non-capitalist. But this does not mean that it would have the slightest affinity with Socialism. It would be the twentieth-century equivalent of the servile societies of the ancient world. It would be differentiated from capitalism above all because the working population would have lost their right to sell their ability to labour at the best price they could get, and would be compelled to labour under the positive directions of an owning, ruling class. Such a society as this is, indeed, the logical end of monopoly capitalism.

But its appearance is, I believe, only conceivable in the same sense that the conquest of the whole modern world by one capitalist empire is conceivable. In practice, long before the Fascist regimes have eliminated the main and essential characteristics and contradictions of capitalism and become stable slave societies, they will have been driven outwards along the path of imperialist aggression.

As for every other capitalist society, but for them to an intensified degree, the obvious thing to do with the gigantic surpluses created by the full utilisation of all the factors of production, while keeping the population at or near the subsistence level, is not to go on making and scrapping armaments *ad infinitum* (and also and consequentially piling up their national debt *ad infinitum*). The natural and obvious thing to do is to seek fields of investment, markets for capital and consumers' goods, new sources of labour to exploit, and raw materials to develop, outside of themselves in the rest of the world.

This is, of course, what in fact we observe them to be doing. Nor in practice is there any contradiction between their preliminary use of their surplus labour for armament building, and their ultimate use of it for imperialist expansion. For the armaments are a prerequisite for the expansion.

To sum up. First: the *prima-facie* evidence from a study of their behaviour goes to show that there is something within Fascist regimes which drives them into ceaseless aggression as a necessity of their existence.

Secondly, I believe that an exhaustive study of their economy would show in precise detail what that necessity is.

Thirdly, it would show that it was just because Fascist economies did not differ in essentials from other Capitalist Imperialisms that they are driven out upon the path of aggressive expansion.

Fourthly, such investigation would show that Fascist regimes did, however, carry further certain characteristics of monopoly capitalism; characteristics which tend towards the solution of the contradictions of capitalism by means of the establishment of a servile society occupying its surplus labour upon building pyramids or armaments.

Fifthly, it would, nevertheless, appear that long before these tendencies of Fascist regimes could become dominant they would be driven into aggressive expansion.

Sixthly, that consequently the only possible way of preventing a new world war is by means of the creation of an unchallengably powerful peace-*bloc*.

JOHN STRACHEY

A LONDON DIARY

A CZECH friend has sent me some interesting comments on the situation. The immediate result, he writes, of Runciman's arrival was to stiffen the resistance of the Sudeten-German leaders to any compromise. They were confident that the honest English broker was working in their interests and regarded him as the Central European equivalent of the non-intervention committee. Hence their extreme bitterness against England, when Benes was not persuaded to swallow his full dose of appeasement. Czech suspicions of his intentions were increased by Lord Runciman's social activities. The English week-end has been regularly spent hobnobbing with German aristocrats who are sore with the Czech Government because of its land reforms, while he has made the worst impression by being seen on a number of occasions in company with the Princess Hohenlohe, who is reputed to be a favourite emissary of Hitler. He has not accepted Czech invitations. In this, my friend adds, "he is only making the same mistake as regular British diplomatists." Czechs think that there is a good deal of snobbishness in it, which comes badly from the home of democracy, and are puzzled why "this particular gentleman was selected for the job." My friend goes on to describe Nazi propaganda methods in the Sudeten areas. There is "the starved baby" specially on show for English ladies to cry over, and there are the children of a wealthy shopkeeper at Eger, whose job it is to stop foreign cars and beg food from the tourist. My friend did not mention Conrad Henlein's bed, in which young girls may lie for a moment of ecstasy on payment of 30 krone to the party funds. But that is reserved for Germans.

* * *

The least excusable failure has been the total lack of any appeal to the German people. They do not want war, least of all with Britain, and they have been constantly reassured that Hitler was getting away with it and that British opinion would never tolerate another war with Germany. That is why some of us have felt bitter about these unofficial conciliation visits to Hitler from people in high places. All sorts of nice people, with the best will in the world, have seen Hitler, but never, I think, said the right things. People from the Cliveden set with every will to peace but a fear of "Bolshevism" not much less than Hitler's own, have visited him, not, one gathers, with the primary object of warning him that Britain would undoubtedly fight again with France if German aggression continued beyond a certain point, but apparently with the nice-minded intention of reassuring him about our friendliness, which is just exactly what he wanted to hear. And nothing has been done to disillusion the German public or help those who want to resist Hitler in Germany. Of course the difficulties of talking sense to a country whose press and wireless are completely controlled by Dr. Goebbels is great, but to men of resolution it would not have been impossible. The Allies did it in the even more difficult circumstances of the last war, and we shall do it again if there is war again. Why not do it before the war and perhaps stop the war? Britain has made no appeal to the German people.

* * *

Strange that there has been no broadcasting from England in German at all! Why? Because there is an international agreement against broadcasting in foreign languages? The agreement has been broken every day by the Fascist Powers. The reason is that the British Government did not wish to offend Hitler, even though they knew they were preparing war against him. They preferred to wait until they had to go to war, allowing him to believe—and naturally in view of their past behaviour—that we should keep out of the war. If we do go to war, Hitler and the German people will complain of our "treachery" as the Kaiser did in 1914; we had not made our intention clear and Germany had relied on our neutrality. . . . Mussolini had the same grievance and used it to unite the Italian people against us during the Abyssinian dispute. When Simon, and later Halifax, went to see Hitler what happened? Hitler did all the haranguing and our statesmen came away with hardly a word said, with a more crushing realisation of the appalling danger of Hitler's neuroticism, but without in any way getting over to him how England felt about his ideas or about the universal dangers of his policy. Result, more delusion on his part that Britain was "decadent," rather pro- than anti-Nazi, and certainly a neutral in the war if he managed it on the East and not the West. I have several times tackled people in high places about this. Always the same story. I remember back in 1934 saying to a very important official that diplomatic methods had to be totally changed in dealing with Germany because the regime was not a normal regime. He replied that he feared it was not altogether normal"—the murder of General von Schleicher had shown that." A revealing remark! The fanaticism against the Jews, the programme of *Mein Kampf*, the insane campaign against all Liberal and Socialist opinion, the concentration camps, the clear drive and intention of the regime—these made little or no impression. But the murder of a respectable general who had been Chancellor and who came from a good Prussian family—this was abnormal. He told me that in the long run Germany was Britain's only serious enemy and that we must prepare for war with the Nazis. I said I supposed in that case the British authorities were doing all in their power to subsidise and help the underground freedom movement in Germany. He looked very shocked, admitted it would be "logical," but that it was not the sort of thing we in England did. I put the question to another influential person some years later. He too was shocked. "Would that not be the same kind of tactics as political assassination?" I thought not, but even so would it not be better than a world war? Then I asked him about other forms of propaganda directed to the German people to counteract Goebbels. Here he agreed. We ought to get it through to Germans that they were not being surrounded, that we were willing for any reasonable colonial and economic settlement if the methods of Hitler were abolished but that his methods would mean war. It was technically possible to get this over and he would like it to be done, but the Government regarded any such measures, any appeal to the people over the heads of the Führer, as dangerous and unfriendly to Germany and would call anyone who suggested such things a war monger! Could hidebound gentlemanly class-trained folly go farther?

* * *

The general public has only just begun to wake up to the danger. This week even the *Daily Express* began to be serious—positively Thucydidean, as a ironic observer put it. Talking to country people on Saturday and Sunday, I found blank ignorance. They were so used to seeing headlines about war and had been so often reassured that they "were not our concern," that they had long ago left off reading about bombing and all the rest of it. In the pub, when I remarked that things did not look too good, my hearers looked up in surprise and said that the weather had not been bad at all for the harvest. An agricultural expert replied to my suggestion that there might be a war: "Who would the scrap be between?" But a country bus-driver and a taximan were fully aware of the danger. "I guess they will be after us again," said one of them, "and of course we'll go. Hitler's been asking for it long enough. How will it end? Oh, I expect in revolution. That will be about the shape of it."

* * *

The public which is used to reading Mr. Garvin's magisterial articles on Sunday mornings must have been surprised

a fortnight ago to find that he had devoted his page, not to the peril in Czechoslovakia, but to a long defence of the character of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, and of his own colossal but unfinished account of Chamberlain's career. What was the reason for this return to a well-hammered subject? Someone—Mr. Garvin did not say who—in a book (name not mentioned) had been disparaging his hero and throwing doubts on his biographer. Furious with the unnamed blasphemer, Mr. Garvin was reassuring the public about the inpeccability of both. This is something new and disquieting in the history of controversy. An historian—for so the author of a standard biography should rank—should surely answer a critic, if he answers at all, with chapter and verse and enable the reader to judge between him and his adversary. On inquiry I found that the detractor was a Mr. Henry Harrison, a writer whom I knew for a careful and serious student of Irish affairs and the writer of a remarkable book called *Parnell Vindicated*. The new book to which Mr. Garvin was apparently replying is *Parnell, Joseph Chamberlain and Mr. Garvin* (Hale 10*s.* 6*d.*). It is one of the most forcible historical exposures I have ever read and I am not surprised that Mr. Garvin was content to attack the author without examining his arguments or considering his documents. It is written in measured and careful language, though tinged with an engaging irony, and it gives precise evidence for every section of its thesis. Mr. Garvin, it alleges, has for some reason or other dismissed the documentary evidence that Chamberlain knew of the relations between Parnell and Mrs. O'Shea, and as a result of that and other extraordinary omissions given a very dubious version of the unpleasing story. Until one has a carefully documented reply from Mr. Garvin (who has had access to masses of documents not available to anyone else) one must withhold any final judgment, but Mr. Harrison's narrative gives at least a *prima facie* case for believing that Joseph Chamberlain, acting from very interested motives, was personally responsible for a long series of blows, culminating in the finally successful one, which ended Parnell's political career and hastened his death. Unless Mr. Garvin can descend from these Olympian heights and produce evidence which refutes Mr. Harrison, we must continue to ask whether disappointment at his failure to grasp the Premiership when he thought it was his, led Joseph Chamberlain to seek to re-establish himself by the most unsavoury of political intrigues, and that Mr. Garvin was so anxious to eulogise his hero that he was incapable of any objective examination of the evidence.

* * *

A loud ring on the bell brought me out of bed this morning like a hooked minnow. At the door a pleasant young constable handed me a chit. It requested me to call at Bow Street for my car. What had happened? Smash and grab raiders? The car, said the policeman, has been found in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Then I remembered. I had driven to the office, parked the car and quietly walked home in the evening, forgetting all about it. At Bow Street the sergeant was affable, looked through my papers, explained that they had had to tow my car in, because I had the ignition key, and said that would be all right. "But," I said, "don't I have to pay anyone for anything?" "No," he said, "it is curious. If it had been a bicycle, we would have charged you a shilling, but as it is a car we don't." I suggested that Bow Street was the cheapest garage in London. I had saved 1*s.* 6*d.* The sergeant agreed, but advised me not to make a habit of using it. That is what I call service.

* * *

I quote this from the New York *Nation*.

When Herbert Hoover visited Germany last winter he was a guest at Goering's hunting lodge. The setting was lavish and ostentatious, and on the centre of the dining-room table Mr. Hoover saw a bizarre figure of a woman's head. It was life-size, gold in colour, and adorned with a necklace and earrings. As Hoover stared at the figure, Goering announced with pride: "That necklace is of real pearls; those earrings are real rubies; the whole head is solid gold." He concluded: "That was my first wife."

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mr. D. G. Crosbie.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Extracts should not be sent without their context. The article or passage should be sent in full with the proposed excerpt marked.

George Tiller, a rag and bone dealer, of Ward Road, Stratford, E., was fined 10*s.* at Bromley, Kent, yesterday, for delivering a goldfish to a person under 14.—*Daily Telegraph.*

18 STONE WOMAN
TORTURES
STEP-SON:
PICTURE.

—*Daily Mirror* Poster.

The jury returned a verdict, in accordance with the medical evidence, that death was due to shock from exposure. They added: "It is very unsatisfactory that a naked woman should have been wandering on the beach in the middle of the night."—*Daily Telegraph.*

When Frank Groves, of Talbot Terrace, Leeds, was summoned at Great Yarmouth Police Court to-day for failing to conform with a traffic sign, the managing director of his firm wrote to the Bench: "May I respectfully ask you to remember what Yorkshire did for England in the last Test match?"—*Cambridge Daily News.*

Visiting Britain now is Jean Prouvost, France's most distinguished journalist. He is the proprietor of the greatest newspaper in France, *Paris Soir*. It has almost as big a net sale as the *Daily Express* and stands next in importance.—*Daily Express.*

Gentlemen are reminded that activities on the part of themselves or their friends, which in any way damage or interfere with the Indian Institute, will be very severely dealt with, whenever possible: such action may involve the College in serious expense and create very difficult relations with a neighbour whose proximity to our quadrangle we may regret, but cannot avoid.—Notice by the Dean of Hertford College, Oxford.

"A WORLD BRAINS TRUST"

HISTORY has been written at this year's British Association, with a spark gap, as Professor Hogben would say. Suddenly developing a high potential of energy, the scientists have released a new dynamic force in the field of social and international problems. And the event has surprised even the more reticent newspapers into headlines about "A World Brains Trust."

That may seem a flamboyant description of the B.A.'s decision to set up a new Division of Social and International Relations, and to establish a working arrangement with the American Association for a transatlantic concord. Nevertheless it is as good a definition as any for the destiny, which those of us who have been working to this end, foresee for the new movement in science. It can, and must, eventually become a World Association of Science, a permanent, practical organisation, like the I.L.O. or the Health Organisation of the League engaged upon social problems, created or affected by science.

To-day that would include almost any problem you could care to mention—War, since scientific discoveries have given it its modern frightfulness; Dictatorships, since the nationalisation of science, in pursuit of self-sufficiency and the equipment of the military machine, has involved the regimentation of the scientists; Unemployment, through the discord created by scientific methods in mass-production, new discoveries and geographic dislocation of industry by, e.g., the development of artificial silk or the artificial humidity of the Japanese cotton mills in rivalry to Lancashire; Malnutrition, since science, while it has taught us the meaning of nutrition, has given us an almost unlimited command of food resources; and so on.

But it means also that the scientists must take definite issue with Fascism. Indeed, the terms of the resolution of the American Association at Indianapolis (which accounted for the strong U.S. delegation to the B.A. and the Anglo-American alliance) were a forthright denunciation of the totalitarian threats to the independence of science and to the peace and intellectual freedom without which science cannot flourish. That resolution called upon the B.A. and all similar scientific organisations throughout the world " to co-operate not only in advancing the interests of science but in promoting peace among nations and intellectual freedom so that science may continue to advance and to spread more abundantly its benefits to all mankind."

The scientists, it seems, are abandoning their traditional isolation, leaving their laboratory cells, forsaking their monastic indifference to worldly affairs, and sallying forth with a crusading zeal. " You called us hermits, once," said an eminent scientist jubilantly to me when the decision was passed at Cambridge. " You can call us ' Peter-the-Hermits ' now ! "

It is revolutionary. A bare six years ago, a modest resolution which would have brought the B.A. into social affairs was thrown out indignantly as a " political device." The " Ginger group," led by the pioneer of the movement, Sir Richard Gregory, F.R.S., editor of *Nature*, had a rough time for trying to defile the sanctuaries of science. The following year, however, Sir Gowland Hopkins was President. Courageously ignoring the attitude of the previous meeting, and the plaints of his predecessor, Sir Alfred Ewing, that Man was morally unfit for the bequests of science, he called upon the scientists to shoulder their responsibilities.

His Presidential address was the beginning of a new era in British science. The body which had thrown out the resolution the previous year, now adopted another providing, at the B.A., a platform for social discussion. Sections were asked to discuss problems connected with their various branches of science. Physics, for instance, chose " Noise " ; Geology, in view of the drought, " Inland Water Supplies," and the Government was forced to set up Committees on these. Joint discussion between sections were arranged for the Aberdeen meeting in 1934. Physiology and Agriculture discussed " Food and Agriculture " under the chairmanship of Mr. Walter Elliot, in his own right, not as Minister for Agriculture, but as a physiologist.

That was when Sir John Orr launched his crusade. At Norwich, the following year, in a joint discussion between Physiology and Economics, he again made the B.A. the sounding board for his " Food, Health and Income " results, and for his exposure of the undernourishment of half the people of this country. The social and international repercussions of that are well-known—Nutrition a genuine issue on every political platform, the setting up of the Ministry of Health Advisory Committee and the " marriage of health and agriculture " in the Mixed Commission of the League.

Two years ago, at Blackpool, the presence of Professor E. G. Conklin, President of the American Association, and an important U.S. delegation, provided a new stimulus. Sir Josiah Stamp had delivered his Presidential address on " The Impact of Science Upon Society." The Americans had been deeply impressed by the outspokenness of British scientists on social issues. That was too good an opportunity to miss. A plan for a World Association with the B.A. and the American Association as the nucleus was drafted.

Professor Conklin approved the idea. Simultaneously, at the Harvard Tercentenary, Professor Etienne Gilson, of the Collège de France, was proposing a " Supreme Court of Science " and Professor Burgers, the Dutch scientist, was preparing a " Committee of Social Relations " under the auspices of the International Council of Scientific Unions, a research organisation. All these were sporadic but symbolic of a sudden burgeoning of the scientific conscience.

It was not until a year later, however, that following a leader in the *New York Times*, commenting on an article in the *Daily Herald* renewing the proposals, the American Association passed a unanimous resolution proclaiming the free and peaceful principles of science, and calling upon the B.A. and all similar organisations to co-operate on social problems. This brought Dr. Ray Moulton, the permanent secretary and an official delegation to the Cambridge meeting this year. Three leading American scientific journalists, Waldemar Kaempffert of the *New York Times*, Watson Davis of American Science Service, and Tom Henry, President of the National Association of Science Writers, came on the same errand. Altogether, a hundred scientists from North America (the American Association embraces Canada) attended.

Meanwhile, two important things had happened here. The Trades Union Congress had earnestly invited the scientists to form a Scientific Advisory Committee to advise on industrial problems affected by science. A provisional committee with Sir Richard Gregory as chairman, and a distinguished personnel of Fellows of the Royal Society, was formed and an equally distinguished permanent committee will be announced shortly. That was a move by " society " towards " science." Supported by fifty of the leading scientists of this country, a proposal was made for a " Committee of Social Relations "—a kind of Chatham House of science.

Wisely, the British Association forestalled the creation of a rival organisation by offering to " give it house room " in the Association itself. And wisely, too, the sponsors agreed because obviously the benefits of the tradition and long-established influence of the B.A. to the infant organisation were enormous. The officers of the B.A., Prof. Boswell, Prof. Allan Ferguson, Prof. Brooks and Dr. Howarth, deserve the fullest credit not only for " roping it in," but also for carrying it through a Council which still includes a lot of Professor Blimps, and, for navigating it, in triumph, through the General Committee at Cambridge. Their success, one imagines, surprised even themselves.

A provisional committee of the new Division has been nominated. It includes Mr. H. G. Wells, Sir Richard Gregory, Dr. Julian Huxley, Sir Daniel Hall, Sir Henry Tizard, Lord Stamp and Professor A. V. Hill, the Nobel Prizewinner. Although the list makes impressive reading, it is to be hoped that the Committee will use its powers of co-option to include some of the younger scientists like Professors Levy, Hogben, Bernal and Blackett. And, of course, Sir John Orr.

The committee has to draw up the permanent constitution of the Division, " blue-print " the machinery, suggest priorities for the inquiries, and report by November. The temper of the General Committee (the B.A. " Parliament ") which approved the new venture, demanded hustle. Suggestions have been made that P.E.P. would provide, from its working experience, useful suggestions as to how the Division would function. The new quarterly (probably to be called " The Advance of Science ") could fulfil the need for a " broadsheet " for publication of the Division's proceedings.

One thing is obvious—the new Division must produce practical results quickly if it is to impress the public with its usefulness and also mobilise the present enthusiasm of the scientists. Therefore, it would be wise to select some problem upon which public attention is already focused and on which much of the spade-work has already been done. " Food and Farming " seems to fill that bill. The nutritional needs of the nation have been defined. Let the scientists equate these to the changes in farming necessary to produce the milk, eggs, fruit and green vegetables to fulfil the nutritional requirements. Another suggestion is a study of the effect of new scientific discoveries on old-established industries. The concentration of the light industries in the South and its effect on the heavy industries is a matter of urgency and of concern to the scientists. But a whole list of priorities has already been suggested.

The international aspect will be considered. The American journalists are already on their way home to campaign for a similar Division in America. Sir Richard Gregory, when he attends the American Association meeting at Richmond,

Virginia, in December, should be able to produce a working model of the new British Division, as an example to be followed. There should be little difficulty in creating similar Divisions in France, Scandinavia and the Netherlands. A federation of such working units would produce a World Association of an essentially democratic and practical character.

But it will be wise to make it an "open house." Fascist countries may impose their own embargo because their scientists would have to subscribe to the free, international principles of science. There must not, however, be an intellectual blockade. There are many scientists in those countries who would be morally strengthened by the activities of such an Association. Those who are looking desperately for signs of a more rational world can find some consolation in this movement which has "brought the Man-in-the-Moon down to the Man-in-the-Street." Science is lining up with the forces of democracy.

RITCHIE CALDER

GRUMBLERS

I SHOULD have thought that the introduction of the trolley-bus to take the place of the tramcar was an improvement so obvious that no one but a professional grumbler could have complained of it. Yet I have heard several people deploring the change that has now taken place in several London districts. One man declares that he can no longer read his paper on his way into town as he used to do on the smooth-running tramcar. A cyclist to whom I praised the innovation, said bitterly: "You motorists are all the same. You wanted to get rid of the trams simply because they prevented you from speeding. I wonder what this is going to cost the ratepayer." I pointed out to another man the luxuriousness of the new vehicles—the ease with which they start, the absence of clangour from the wheels, the disappearance of the noisy bell. He replied: "All I know is that they wobble more."

It is often said that we never know when we are well off, and the complaints about the trolley-bus seem to prove this. The anything-for-a-change party is rivalled in numbers, I imagine, by the anything-rather-than-a-change party. I have no doubt that, when the electric tram was first put on the streets, there were many who mourned the loss of the old horse-trams with their jog-trot peacefulness. Sentiment grows up even about a tramway system, and any change in it is deplored like a change in a railway station to which we have long been accustomed. I am lucky enough to have no sentimental associations with electric trams. I have always disliked them because of the noise they made and because (compared with buses) they were soulless and characterless machines. I would rather sleep in a room with mosquitoes then spend the night in a hotel in the middle of a provincial city infested with trams. The only thing I ever liked about the London County Council trams was the name of Aubrey Llewellyn Coventry Fell, the traffic manager, which used to be painted on the side of each of them. I have heard a Londoner say with exhilaration: "I'm just off for a bus-ride"; but I have never known an adult human being who looked forward with pleasure to a tram-ride. Now that the trams are disappearing, however, all the Lot's wives of London are discovering how beautiful they were. But they weren't.

There have been other grumbles lately from a part of the west of Ireland where the railway-line has been closed and a motor-coach service has taken its place. The people say they don't like the motor-coaches and want back the trains with which custom had taught them to put up. One could understand this if the trains on a small branch-line in Ireland had been built on the luxurious model of a Cornish express. But they were less comfortable even than the trains on a small branch-line in England, and that says a good deal. Still, they had become a part of the landscape and were associated with memories of cheerful talk on the way to the market town. They may have had a beggarly appearance, but, at least, they were not blatant upstarts, like the motor-coaches. Yet I imagine that many of these people who have a sentimental love of trains are the grandchildren of people who had an equally sentimental hatred of trains. Ruskin was not the only Victorian who regarded the railway-train as a defiler of the landscape. Many a small farmer must have thought of it as a desecrator of his parish. An uncle of mine used to tell me of his tragic gloom when in his boyhood the new railway-line was driven through his father's garden. The world would never be the same again. Yet, as events proved, Ruskin and the pessimists were wrong. The railway train, like the steamer, became in the minds of men an addition to the beauty of the world. Children would run across a field to gaze at it and wave their hands to it. Poets and painters would admire it as, panaching smoke, it disappeared into a wood. The smoke that Ruskin hated made the green trees seem even lovelier. I doubt whether an electric tram ever made a wood seem lovelier. It is true that A. E. saw electric trams as golden galleons when they were lit up at night; but a railway train is beautiful even by day. Reflecting on this, I can almost sympathise with the mournfulness of those Irishmen over the loss of their trains. No motor-coach ever increased by its presence the beauty of a country road. Whatever may be said against the Victorians, their inventions for transport seemed to fit into the pattern of nature as modern inventions do not. We are getting used to motor-cars, but when we see a procession of motor-cars in the country we feel no addition of delight. Shall we or our heirs ever do so? Not, I fancy, till the motor-car is displaced by the aeroplane. Then we shall look back and remember and grieve.

On the whole, I think that grumblers against innovations perform a useful service to the community just now when so many innovations are innovations for the worse. The only hope for the preservation of beautiful things either in town or country is constant and determined grumbling. A people that had not learned to grumble, for example, would be at the mercy of the speculative builder. No sea-coast would be safe from his ravages, and no ancient street. He fixes his eyes on a hillside or a lakeside with greedy gaze and wonders only how so much beauty can be transformed into money in his banking-account. He is the chief of the petty egoists of our time, eager to dictate what shape the face of the world will take in his interest. I sometimes wonder why children in the Sunday-schools are not warned against becoming speculative builders as they are warned against becoming evil-doers of other sorts. There are far more venial sins than speculative building. Building is an honourable trade, but the speculative builder who destroys beauty merely to fill his purse seems to me no more admirable than a pick-pocket. And nothing but perpetual grumbling can stop him as it once stopped the equally greedy men who tried to steal the English commons. The English commons and rights-of-way are bequests from generations of grumblers and incitements to the present generation to keep on grumbling.

The worst of grumbling is, of course, that it may become egotistic. Many of us grumble bitterly against any change in our own street—old houses knocked down to make room for flats or permission given to the Transport Board to run a bus-service along it—while at the same time we acquiesce rather tamely in injuries done to other streets equally worth preserving. What is needed is a greater amount of disinterested grumbling. Disinterested grumbling is, fortunately, very much on the increase; but I should like to hear it swelling in volume till it sounded as if a nation were growling through a megaphone. When it does, the knees of the speculative builder will shake under him, and England's green and pleasant land will be in less danger of becoming less green and less pleasant.

As an example of purely egotistic grumbling, the recent letters to the Press complaining of the noise of aeroplanes are admirable. Old gentlemen have been writing from all parts of the country pointing out that aeroplanes make a

most disagreeable noise and urging that they should no longer be allowed to interfere with the amenities of the countryside in which they live. Probably, as they read their morning papers, these correspondents are filled with enthusiasm over the increase in the Royal Air Force, but they do not see why the Royal Air Force should practise flying in the neighbourhood of their quiet country homes. The Surrey-dweller thinks that Lincolnshire would be a good place for flying practice, and the Sussex man is prepared to give the Air Force a free hand in disturbing the amenities of Devonshire. But not even the knowledge that a world war with all its horrors is a possibility lessens the grumbler's sense of personal grievance as his little private nook of earth is invaded by these monstrous noises. "Outrageous!" he says; "they're turning the country into something worse than a slum."

Still, I like to see even egotistic grumblers allowed to say their say. A nation is always happier in which men are allowed to grumble. Grumbling is a liberation of the soul—whether of a great soul or of a mean soul—and most of us occasionally feel better for it. I should not like to live in a country in which men dared not grumble above a whisper or scarcely even in a whisper. Much better it is surely to live in a country in which men have the right to grumble about anything they please—the sins of the Government, the sins of speculative builders, the noise of aeroplanes, or the coming of the trolley-bus. Y. Y.

BACK TO THE LAND?

V.—PIGS AND POULTRY

PIGS and poultry go with dairying and both are great improvers, as well as users, of the soil. In fact pigs and poultry would both be in the forefront of any scheme for reclaiming much of our land now in rough grazings. Pigs are already reclaiming small areas on the Devon moors where conditions are too difficult for the plough, and poultry folded over poor pasture will work wonders. There is no physical reason why we should not produce all our pig requirements. If we became self-supporting in bacon it would mean raising our pig population by about 6 million to 9½ million. These 9½ million would need 2,850,000 tons of cereals to feed them if we also raised them on a 20 per cent. ration of skim milk. That would represent about three-quarters of the cereals we now produce from 3¾ million acres of land devoted to these crops, or, in other words, would use up more than the increased arable acreage we are assuming we should be likely to gain by a system of managing our grassland better under alternate husbandry. And this is pre-supposing that 20 per cent. of their ration was supplied by skim milk, for which 950 million gallons would be required. The only thing that would give us this skim milk would be the replacement of our butter imports with home-produced supplies. If we replaced this by cereals, another 700,000 tons would be required. A certain proportion of the cereals could be replaced by root crops such as potatoes or by green feedstuffs, and good results have been got in this way, particularly in Northern Ireland. But to become completely self-sufficient would probably mean importing some cereals. We could safely say, however, that we could produce another 3,000,000 pigs, feed them on home-grown rations and still have 750,000 acres of cereals in hand on the assumption that grassland productivity could only be raised by 50 per cent.

In the meantime there is room for more efficiency in home production, especially in the matter of liveweight increase per lb. of ration consumed. The Danes have managed to breed a pig that puts on a lb. of liveweight for every 3.4 lb. of meal consumed. Pigs on our more efficient farms do as well as this, but the statistics produced by the Lane Fox Commission and others suggest that 4.2 lb. of meal per lb. of liveweight increase is more like the normal English figure. In other words, the range of efficiency is greater in Denmark. Uniformity of pig, average size of litters, percentages weaned, method of housing, are all aspects of economical pig production in which the best in this country can challenge comparison with any but in which much progress remains to be made among the rank and file of pig producers. One only has to read the quite genuine plaints of those who say they are losing 10*s.* per pig while others are making a profit of 15*s.* at the same prices to realise this.

We produce at home about 68 per cent. of our egg supplies. We could, of course, become self-supporting by an addition of about 20 million fowls and we could go a long way towards feeding them from an addition to our arable acreage and from a variety of other foodstuffs that are not imported. We have only just begun to realise that poultry are great grazers, young succulent grass was once their main food, and the modern craze for feeding them on milled and high protein foods is probably one of the chief causes of the breakdown in their health, which is costing the industry now £4,000,000 in mortality alone. The place of the hen is on the general farm, where she is thoroughly well equipped by nature to rough it and go a long way towards picking up her own living from grassland and stubble and can live under natural, healthy conditions. But this is an unpopular idea in some districts because sooner or later it leads to an agitation to get rid of the foxes unless someone is to go to the trouble of shutting the birds up every night. It is not generally well enough known, however, that about 65 per cent. of our poultry are kept on general farms where they put in good work improving the farmers' land as well as producing eggs that surely must be more nutritious than those produced by birds that hardly ever see a clean piece of ground, are stimulated to work overtime by electric light and are doped with a series of artificial foods and medicines that are more suggestive of the bedside of a hypochondriac than the home of an honest bird.

The trouble about becoming self-supporting would be that egg supplies, from natural causes, are seasonal and increase to about 2½ times their autumn volume in the spring. If we had enough to meet our autumn needs, what should we do with the spring glut? Possibly this might be solved by gas storage, which is already keeping fresh eggs fresh for practically a year. Then we could not only deal with the spring glut but use it to even out egg prices right through the year. Nothing discourages the poorer class of egg consumer more than a price that varies between 1*s.* and 3*s.* per dozen for English new laid in different months. An all the year round price of, say, 1*s.* 6*d.* per dozen would please the consumer better and probably mean better returns to the producer. But until this can be done, the spring glut dealt with and the autumn and winter prices kept within reasonable limits, it would be folly to plunge into any campaign to "keep out foreign eggs." For under present conditions, cheap imported eggs in winter are the best friends of the English egg producer, for they prevent the consumer from deserting the English egg for other foods and not always returning again as soon as the English gets cheaper. Moreover it would be wise to get our land healthy again before sending the hen out on to it to make her living.

Another line that is worth considering is the nutrition angle on eggs. Just as there are national grounds to justify the subsidising of milk consumption, so there are for eggs, the next most valuable food. Our egg consumption is only 150 per head compared with Canada's 360, and clearly there is much to be done in this direction.

As regards cheapening production, the elimination of disease alone would save the industry nearly 14 per cent. on its total annual output of approximately £30 million. The chaotic marketing conditions, by which the same class of eggs will vary by as much as 3*d.* per dozen in different markets on the same day and the lorries sent 40 miles to collect half a load of eggs and bring them back again, are only some aspects of loss to the producer that could be corrected. But several articles could be written on the scope for cleaning up the poultry industry. L. F. EASTERBROOK

DEDICATION

GOD of the gifts of form and word,
Art in whose name our ranks unite,
Elected to enlist the herd
Against the hyper-fascist Right,
Hear us, from platform-speaking hoarse
Preach reason's counterblast to force.

War's overture the sky untunes,
Totalitarian tom-toms roll,
Culture returns again to runes
And science climbs the totem pole
As time brings bloodily to pass
Death-grip of nation and of class.

As shapes of things to come advance
Make us not one with those that flee
Or snatch the theoretic chance
Extended by the A.R.P.
For England's Literary Front
Henceforth bears Armageddon's brunt.

Since either choked by poison gas
Or clubbed by local shock-police,
We intellectuals en masse
Are doomed for our campaign of Peace,
Now and before the firing squad
Grant us consistency, O God.

SAGITTARIUS

Correspondence

FOOD STORAGE

SIR,—Mr. Keynes's proposal (referred to in your current issue) for using the storage of foodstuffs and raw materials as a means of reducing price fluctuations in the primary markets is so attractive that you will perhaps allow me to draw attention to some of the problems which would have to be solved before it could be put into practice.

There are broadly two methods which might be adopted. Either the Government might itself enter the markets as a purchaser, holding and storing the materials bought as its own property; or it might offer free storage in publicly owned warehouses, coupled possibly with the promise of loans at low interest rates on materials stored therein, as an inducement to the present owners of commodity stocks to hold these in Great Britain instead of in the countries of origin. Mr. Keynes inclines to the latter alternative. It has great attractions; but many of the advantages he claims for the scheme seem to depend upon the Government's purchasing the stocks outright.

First, if the stocks remain in private hands, how can the Government use them as a means of ironing out price fluctuations? The decision when to sell and when to withhold from sale will still rest with the existing owners, who will presumably continue, as now, to be influenced by their ideas as to profit prospects. The Government could only influence their decisions (apart from the possibility that concentration of stocks in public warehouses might increase knowledge as to the volume of existing stocks and so help the owners to a more accurate assessment of market prospects) if it reserved the right to terminate the free storage facilities and call in the loans on the stocks when it thought the time appropriate for forcing the latter on to the market. But if this possibility is included in the scheme it would surely lose much of its attractiveness to the owners. So, too, we must not expect that the scheme *in this form* would do much to protect us from sharp price rises in time of war. For either the owners will be left free to sell when they will and at as high prices as they can obtain—in which case the location of the stocks in Britain rather than abroad will not prevent prices from rising (though it may relieve pressure on our shipping); or else the owners will be compelled to sell out at what the Government considers to be reasonable prices—in which case, once again, they may well feel sceptical of the advantages of the scheme from their own point of view. Finally, is it not to be expected that if the scheme is successful here it will be adopted elsewhere—that we shall have an international competition in providing bigger and better free warehouses? Even so perhaps a considerable volume of the world's commodity stocks would come to rest in Great Britain—but not so large a volume as the proposal at first sight promises.

Suppose, then, that the other method is adopted and the Government buys extensively on its own account. Here again there are difficulties. Two of these have been pointed out by Mr. Keynes, viz., the threat to the foreign exchanges of a sharp increase in imports and the conflict which might arise between the policy appropriate to building up and maintaining an adequate war reserve and the policy appropriate to eliminating price fluctuations. I believe he is right in holding that these are not fatal objections. But in addition it is to be observed that the success of the scheme as a stabiliser of prices now rests on the ability of the Government to diagnose the market position and prospects successfully. If it makes mistakes then (as we all know) it will accentuate rather than reduce price fluctuations and will itself incur financial loss. Moreover, there are two political difficulties. The producers of the commodities concerned are interested not so much in stable as in high prices. They will certainly resent and will probably try to resist any action the Government initiates designed to cause a price fall or prevent a price rise. Can we be sure that the Government will be sufficiently sure of its ground to withstand their pressure? Secondly, the owners of existing storage accommodation in the primary producing countries are not likely to accept with equanimity the loss of their livelihood. I can imagine that the introduction of the scheme would lead to sharp protests (if to nothing more drastic) on the part of (e.g.) the Canadian Government, acting at the instance of the grain elevator companies.

Most of the points I have here mentioned were raised in the course of discussion on Mr. Keynes's paper in Cambridge last week. Unfortunately he was unable to be present to deal with them. Perhaps he will return to the subject on some later occasion.

LINDLEY FRASER

Marischal College, Aberdeen.

EXILE

SIR,—The ordeals which refugees have to go through in this hermetically locked up world of ours are graphically conveyed in the following letter which I received the other day from a man who once was not entirely unknown as a writer in Austria:

> I left Vienna on June 4th, crossed the Belgian frontier near Aachen and was arrested at Vervier. Was returned to the German frontier and arrested again, this time by the Gestapo. Spent three weeks in jail at Aachen. Got a German passport and had to go to Milan. There on the first night I was visited by two carabinieri who told me that I had to leave Italy within 48 hours, or else I would be taken to the German frontier. I managed to reach Switzerland and at Zurich with the help of friends I obtained a British visa. Via Paris I travelled to Dover. Here I was not allowed to land because I had no money with me and no letter of invitation. I wanted to ring up a friend in London, but this was refused. When I was ordered to go back to the ship, I started a row, kicked the officials and spat at them with the intention of getting arrested. I was however carried back to the ship by six men and had to return to Calais. The French police escorted me to the Belgian frontier. The Belgians did not let me in either, and with luck I succeeded in getting back furtively across the French frontier. Here in France I am now staying illegally, in constant dread of being found out and put into prison again. . . .

J.

BANKS AND SYMPATHY

SIR,—In the public mind the big British banks are generally associated with stability and security. The reports of a recent court case show that behind the façade of palatial premises and impressive balance-sheets lurk many human problems. I quote from the *News-Chronicle*, August 17th, 1938:

> A bank clerk who, said his solicitor, had "forfeited the sympathy of the bank by marrying young," was bound over at Wimbledon yesterday on a charge of falsifying accounts.
>
> Defendant (30), in evidence, said that he married in 1932 on a salary of between £180 and £200 without the consent of his employers.
>
> A child was born in July, 1935, and he got into debt. On several occasions he was pressed for money, and to meet these payments went to moneylenders. When he had to repay them he committed the offences.

The report is followed by these comments from the chief woman officer of the Bank Officers' Guild:

> Most bank clerks are forced to remain single until they are nearly 30, unless helped by relatives or friends or they marry a girl who has money.
>
> Some banks still have definite rules against marriage, and a Scottish bank clerk was dismissed because he was receiving £20 a year under the "marriage minimum."
>
> The Guild regards as more important the fact that at the marrying age of 25 or 26 bank clerks to-day are not receiving a marrying wage.

It may appear somewhat inconsistent for defendant's solicitor to have gone on to plead that he had "lost a good job," but the whole point is that the job would have been a good one had the clerk kept it long enough.

The younger present-day bank clerks are suffering from the pre-war tradition of banking as a profession in which parents were expected to maintain the budding banker while he served his apprenticeship.

The general public may well suppose (1) that the clerks knew what the salaries were when they entered the banks, and (2) that if they are badly treated they can get together and right their wrongs.

In answer to (1), the banks took advantage of the wave of patriotic self-sacrifice which occurred during the crisis of 1931 to reduce salary increases which in many cases have not been readjusted. Last December the *Daily Express* festively announced that 45,000 bank clerks would have a merry Christmas because one of the banks had restored their salary cuts. The fact was that during the slump the annual rise was reduced from £15 to £10, and remained at the lower figure for five years until January of this year, so that the majority of clerks are still £25 below the anticipated annual salary.

(2) The bank clerks' Trade Union, the Bank Officers' Guild, which represents some 40 per cent. of the British bank clerks, is not recognised by the banks and is having an uphill fight. The older men are apathetic; having reached the salary limits they are quite content. Membership of the Guild is actively discouraged by the directors to such a degree that in some banks it is stated to be disloyal and therefore regarded as a bar to promotion. The directors subtly outmanoeuvred the Guild by forming internal staff associations, elected on highly democratic lines and with all expenses generously paid by the bank. Periodically the directors meet the committee, of which every member is dependent on the bank for his livelihood. Often the directors say that they have given sympathetic consideration to the proposals of the staff, but where these involve addition to the salary bill the directors are apt to regret they cannot see their way to accede to the requests.

Is it surprising that when dividends are announced the young bank clerk feels that the directors have been more sympathetic to the shareholders than to himself, especially when he remembers that by a curious coincidence many of the directors are themselves possessed of large blocks of shares in the bank whose interests he loyally serves?

As an ambitious employee of one of the "Big Five" I enclose my card and sign myself BANK CLERK

REFUGEES

SIR,—The press has recently published information from various sources on the conditions of political and racial prisoners in the concentration camps at Buchenwald and Dachau. No one can remain unaffected by such testimony, often from personal experience, of the fate of men who have committed no crime but to have been Jewish citizens of the Reich. There are others who have suffered even more because they have been held under those conditions since the advent of Hitler to power in Germany. For five years and a half those men who had the honesty to express their democratic convictions in a democratic republic have been held as criminals and treated even worse.

Throughout that time my Committee has been active in giving any possible help, legal or material, to those prisoners and their dependants and others who had successfully escaped from Nazi "justice" as well as helping to keep the British public informed of their conditions. That need is to-day as urgent as ever—those reports are tragic evidence of that. May I ask your readers to help in a practical way by sending a donation to this Committee?

Relief Committee for Victims of Fascism, ISABEL BROWN
1 Litchfield Street, London, W.C.2. Hon. Sec.

A.R.P. AND THE CHURCHES

SIR,—According to the *Times* of August 20th, Sir Samuel Hoare claims to have "obtained the co-operation of all the churches" for his A.R.P. drive in October. On October 2nd clergymen are expected to say something nice about A.R.P. from the pulpit and, in the latest circular sent by the Home Secretary to local authorities, emphasis is placed on "the initial impetus that will be given by the help of the Churches."

Needless to say, the co-operation of all the churches has not been obtained. There are still numbers of clergymen in this country who decline to act as recruiting-sergeants and it is to be hoped that many more will now give closer scrutiny to the nature of A.R.P. and cease to take it at its own euphemistic valuation.

The questions they will ask themselves are obvious. Is war inevitable? If not, is it the duty of a Christian minister to help forward large-scale expenditure on the outward and visible symbols of craven fear and egoistic self-preservation? Is it not time to puncture the "humanitarian" pretensions of A.R.P. by asking how many decontamination squads would be sent to Berlin to mop up the mustard-gas our own planes would be dropping in time of war?

For it is surely obvious that A.R.P. is Nationalism at its narrowest. It proposes to provide British bolt-holes for British people and to ignore the sufferings of those who would be the targets of our own attack. The obvious fact that there is humanity outside our National boundaries and beyond our Empire is too often overlooked by the leaders of the Churches in this country.

Let us all remember too that since A.R.P. alone can neither prevent nor win war, we cannot support these precautions without supporting an expenditure of fifty times as much on bombs and bombing-planes. This is the infernal logic of war-preparation. Accept A.R.P. and you must accept the whole rearmament programme, unless you are to be dismissed as a naive sentimentalist—or worse. Are there so many clergymen to-day ready to bless the guns and tanks, as some did in the Great War?

Christ taught that we should cast out fear. He enjoined us to do unto others as we would have others do unto us. And it will need more sophistry than many of our clergymen will swallow to pretend that Christ's example is sound authority for the murderous threat of rearmament and the ostrich-like panic-measures of A.R.P.

In many countries to-day men are suffering the tortures of prison and the concentration-camp rather than take part in war-preparation. Everywhere ordinary men and women are looking for some trace of Christian spirit, some sign of loving kindness in the policies of great nations, some steady example in the prevailing ethical chaos. What answer will the clergymen of Great Britain make to them? Is it not time they turned away from second-hand Fascism to the example of Christ? JOHN BARCLAY

96 Regent Street, London, W.1. ROY WALKER

INDIANS IN ENGLAND

SIR,—It would be a great pity if the very pertinent letters of Dr. Edward Thompson and Mr. E. M. Forster on this ever-present and—for us non-Europeans—painful problem of the colour-bar in hotels and boarding-houses were allowed to die away in a mere splutter of protest. Although some of us who have taken up a more or less permanent domicile in this country might feel inclined to treat this matter as part of the wider question of Imperialism and to be dealt with as such at the proper time, I think it would be a mistake to ignore the fact that most of the humiliation is not inflicted upon people of strong convictions who have been able to adapt themselves to an unpleasant state of affairs, but upon sensitive and unsuspecting visitors, who have foolishly believed that their British citizenship entitled them to decent welcome in the capital of the Empire.

I throw out two suggestions, therefore, in the hope that they may at least stir up other minds to put forward better proposals for bringing about some amelioration in what seems to be a worsening situation. In the first place, then, as Kensington—the scene of the latest batch of indignities—is a Royal Borough, would it not be feasible to make an impressive appeal to the Monarchy to use its undoubted influence with the local authorities to get this deplorable state of affairs at least discussed and ventilated within the Borough, if not remedied? Example and persuasion can do much more than legislation towards the removal of prejudice; and if the Mayor of Kensington were in a position to write a personal letter to each of the leading hotels and boarding-houses, saying that His Majesty viewed with pain and concern

these repeated humiliations upon a section of his loyal subjects, surely some of the better-minded of the proprietors and managers concerned might pause to consider whither their blind acceptance of race-discriminations (usually demanded by the least reputable of white people, as Mr. Forster has so forcefully said) will lead to?

Next, would it not be just and proper to invite the leading East India merchants (through their Chambers of Commerce and other organisations, both in this country and in India) to lend a hand in the matter? Many of them are influential people; and it might do some good to remind them that when the India Bill was going through Parliament their representatives laid great stress on the principle of reciprocity in demanding safeguards for Britons to live and work in India without let or hindrance. Can this demand be honestly squared with what has been taking place over here in recent years—when even the most distinguished of Indians are afraid to seek accommodation in quite ordinary hotels through fear of a rebuff? (Only last year a gentleman who had filled the high position of a Commissioner of a Division made a pathetic appeal to me when he was over on his last leave preparatory to retirement: "Do you know of any place where they will take us—I'm at my wits' ends?")

It is not surprising to learn from Dr. Thompson that he found a great reluctance on the part of influential people to take up this delicate problem. They are aware that on this question of colour the Empire as we now know it may well go to pieces; so they prefer to hide their heads in the sand. But need all of us ape the ostrich?

41 Museum Street, London, W.C.1. PHILIP COX

SIR,—I could wish that your correspondents on this subject had extended their wholly admirable indignation to cover the other coloured peoples (American negroes and West Indians, for example) who are equally discriminated against in London. Meanwhile, may I, who have had similar difficulties, offer an observation in somewhat colder blood?

The man who is responsible for the existence of a colour bar in London hotels is by no means usually "some blustering lecher who is wanting to show off in front of his pick-up." He is much more likely to be a perfectly respectable citizen of South Africa or the United States, such a one as an ex-Rhodes scholar, now a Professor at a S. African University who told me in conversation (and it was after he had reached that dignified position) that if he were in a restaurant in England and a man of colour came in his natural instinct would be to get up and leave—and that he would probably do so. It is obvious that any hotel which elected to ignore the colour bar would inevitably lose a clientele of greater financial profit. No doubt hotel-managers are "timid" in that they refuse to be liberal and enlightened at the cost of their livelihood. But I think we may fairly recognise that the situation for which they are blamed really originates in Washington D.C., or Pretoria and not in London. E. M. HUGH-JONES

Parrotts, Wootton-by-Woodstock, Oxon.

SIR,—Mr. Edward Thompson has done well to draw attention to the treatment of Indians in England. The problem is a delicate and difficult one and needs gracious handling. It is easy to exaggerate the significance and importance of such isolated examples of race prejudice as he has cited. I myself—a Christian Indian—have been a resident of this country for over 27 years; and during all that long period I have experienced nothing but the greatest kindness, courtesy and regard. I have travelled all over England, and it would literally be true to say that I have often marvelled at the goodness and hospitality that have been given to me by all sections of society. My own impression is that it is not so much race prejudice as social misunderstanding which is at the root of the trouble. Most Indians come to England with little or no acquaintance with English ways, and quite unwittingly transgress social etiquette, creating a sense of misfit, rather than of unfriendliness.

A grave error of judgment was made by the authorities responsible, when it was decided to close down the Government of India Hostel for Indian Students which used to exist, not so long ago, at 21 Cromwell Road, South Kensington. The need for a first class hostel for Indian students in England is clamant. It cannot be self-supporting, and must have the financial backing of the Indian Government, as well as the weight and dignity of a great public institution. The head of it should be either an Indian of the highest character and ability or else an Englishman of high standing and character who is well acquainted with India. Englishmen of the type of Mr. C. F. Andrews would fill such a position with distinction and would do incalculable good. As I know a good deal as to how Indian students have to live while in England, I beg you will use the influence of your paper to have this matter thoroughly ventilated and discussed. At present many hundreds of Indian students go back to India thoroughly embittered—and even contemptuous—because they have seen nothing of the best side of English life.

The matter of receiving Indians into West End hotels is easily settled. Many of the finest hotels in India are Indian-owned and Indian administered. It is only necessary for an Indian company to be formed, with sufficient capital, to build and run a first-class hotel in London, open to Indian and English alike, and indeed to people of goodwill of all nations. Such a hotel would not only be financially successful—witness the large number of Indian Rajahs and their gorgeous retinues who every year visit England and who now patronise the most exclusive and expensive West End hotels—but would be an international centre for fellowship and goodwill.

All who are eager that the utmost goodwill should exist between England and India will agree with me that these are matters which demand earnest and urgent attention. PITT BONARJEE

Staplehurst. (Congregational Minister).

SIR,—Mr. E. M. Forster, in his admirable letter on this subject, says that a hotel has no right to refuse hospitality to any respectable applicant. Does he mean no legal right? Is the law so framed as to allow a hotel manager to refuse hospitality to a person on account of the colour of his skin? If it is, it should be at once amended, but if there is no such legal right, the law should be enforced. The advantages of retaining India within the British Empire ought surely to imply an unquestioned obligation to treat Indian citizens with civilised respect when they visit the Empire's capital. KENNETH BELL

The Grove Farm, Sapiston,
Bury St. Edmunds.

CHRISTIANITY IN ADVERSITY

SIR,—Professor Joad's vivid and by no means unsympathetic account of the Annual Conference of the Student Christian Movement makes it clear that it is impossible to hope for any real and useful lead in the world's affairs from theological quarters. It is indeed sad to contemplate the fact that so many seriously minded men and women of the younger generation should, in the attempt at coming to grips with reality, console themselves with the transcendental character of their religion.

Mr. Joad shows, of course, the logical impossibility of bringing worldly and other-worldly considerations under one hat; but I should have liked him to go somewhat further, than he does, when he ends up with a friendly joke about the radical parsons who are modernist in theology and reformist in politics. He would probably agree with me that the crux of the matter lies in the fact that the decline of political morals is the unfortunate consequence of the inevitable decline of theological belief. Morality, being once integrally bound up with theology, is spurned because of this connection, and has not yet been presented to the world at its own worth. The recrudescence of transcendentalism has squashed the hope that the Christian Churches should become humanist and thus save morality. No attempt at radical modernising within the Church has succeeded anywhere. Hence there arises the urgent need that Ethics, i.e., "The Subordination of Politics to Morals," should be preached outside of and even against the Christian Churches, if need be, in an organised way.

Temple of Humanity, OTTO BAIER

Upper Parliament Street, Liverpool 8.

THE SCHOOL-LEAVING AGE

SIR,—The First of September, 1939, is the appointed day for the raising the age-limit in our schools. Then the Education Act, 1936, comes into force; scholars will in future leave at 15. A year of school life in better conditions and more profitable studies, a pleasant prospect, starts for hundreds of thousands of boys and girls. The famous Hadow Report, now 10 years old, is really to bear fruit. What is the real hope that its fine promise will be acted on? Is it to be really just a year hence?

Actually so little preparations can now be completed and such delays and confusions have arisen that the putting off the appointed day was proposed three months ago. The Government rightly refused this. Yet the Board of Education, while admitting that many reorganisation schemes would be behindhand, has failed to

urge, still less to compel, local education authorities to be ready. The Act of 1936 was an attempt to get an agreement between the needs of education and the sectional interests of the churches, capitalist industry, commercial and labour objectives, and of localities, some active and progressive, some sternly reactionary. The Act, driven through Standing Committee by Party Whip pressure, rare in such occasions, is complicated, inconsistent with the traditions and tendency of our education policy. It was framed to conciliate capitalism, labour, ecclesiastical leaders and vested interests. Thus it gives grand opportunities for delays, controversies, deals behind the public wishes and knowledge. The workers and their children are deprived—not to say robbed—of the promised great educational advance. This was to be just a year from to-day; in very many cases it will be late in performance. To-day the first duty of all authorities is to the scholars. Certain industries ask for the beneficial employment of child labour. Ecclesiasts propose to erect schools to teach a religion to save us from Communism and Godless irreligion. Rating authorities are affrighted by the actual and prospective rise of rates and taxes. Who will listen to the cry of the scholars, who have been promised better preparation for the life before them?

Tilford. JOSEPH KING

THE CHANNEL CROSSING

SIR,—Holidays still being "on" some of your readers may, as a warning, be interested in the following details of the Dieppe-Newhaven crossing.

The crossing was very bad; I was among the very few not sick, and even I had to lie down. After the boat had been out an hour and most of the sufferers had quietened down, they were all disturbed and if asleep shaken awake in order to exchange their ticket for a "landing card" (a quite superfluous operation). From where I was lying I could trace the progress of the officials by sound; the retching and vomiting which had almost ceased began again as they passed. You would have thought that after all these years the Southern Railway officials would have thought out the least inconvenient time to vex invalids.

As the boat drew in, misinformation was as usual passed round as to where the passengers would get out. Even those correctly informed were sent on a long detour round the boat to the place where two wholly insufficient gangways were provided.

On the train was advertised a "Pullman car for refreshments." In common with many others, I did not want—nor did my exhausted party—anything but a cup of tea. This the attendant refused: "Set tea or nothing; that's what we serve," he said, adding "If you want anything like that you can get it off the barrer on the platform." The "barrer" was at the far end of the platform; the "cups" proved to be thin cardboard cartons the contents of which burnt your fingers before you could get them to the carriage. They were, incidentally, so made as to appear to contain more than they did and were priced at 4*d*. each.

A number of people were compelled into taking the expensive "set tea," but I cannot think that these tactics pay the railways in the end. RAYMOND POSTGATE

19 Garrick Street, W.C.2.

RECORDS

SIR,—May I add to Critic's list of records the man mentioned by G. K. Chesterton who was "a sallow bimetallist. In fact, many people said that he was the sallowest bimetallist in Cheshire"? R. E. SWARTWOUT

Miscellany

TOSCA

Tal dei profondi amori è la profonda miseria. . . .

AND the gloom-red curtain slid down, as the last doom-black chords sprang from trombones and trumpets.
Covering her shout of fear and victorious despair; and the stalls' gentility
Clapped as loud as the Season thought fit, while the gallery roared, truthful as ever,
And the lights of dailiness broke again on the gilt boxes, and the jewelled ones with such civility!
Drifted down the wide stairway murmuring "Dear old Tosca!" and squinting at each others' satins,
And the dark drones straightened their ties and thought of Savoy supper. But high and away,
Released yet once more from Svengali conductor and imperious violin-bows,
Floria Tosca mounted, soaring to where the Good God bounteously bids her stay.

Come now, all you dear lovers of love, come, you Cupid-poisoned, you galerians of sweetness,
Come from your tepid alcoves, your yews and moons and marble, and down on your knees!
Line the altar-steps that, by all that's grand, seem an infinity of footlights,
And put up a prayer for us, for never yet were woes richer, redder, more absolute than these.

Think how, before all of you, in some oleander-grot of the Aventine,
She lost sense, sight and hearing with a brown face to her velvet breast,
As the garden-door creaked to; and the jealousy-shots of Sant' Andrea della Valle
And the stars and the city's spy-heap and its purple torment sank into a quiet whirlpool of rest.

Remember how, like all the chosen, she was drawn, webbed into the watchers' patience,
How Scarpia, lecher-treacherous, grunted as the *dolci mani* pushed the steel home,
And how when Mario lay also having been dealt with like the Conte di Palmieri,
She dropped from the Castel Sant' Angelo into the bells, the sheep-flocks and the dawn-dew of Rome.

And now that for us, too, the *sbirro*, revolver-fingered, steps from each corner,
Now that over the soft war of love comes down like a thick cataract the love of war,
Now that the flesh, modelled for caresses' langour, has only the bullet's rape to hope for,
Pray, even if without belief, to Saint Tosca, patroness of the garden-gate and the star.

Pray thus: "Even while we gird up our loins, we are faithful to the cypresses,
The pensieroso walk hip-to-hip, the arms like clematis interwound,
The wine's rivalry with sunset, the boat's purling, the lark climbing, and oh! the silence
That the eyes invent for their glowing, late-dominant over the futility of sound!

Therefore, Santissima, save our souls, for we holocaust our straight bodies;
We give them, rosy with amorous toil, to the Iron Shop-keeper, to A.R.P.,
To the Council House, to the Food exquisite in its Tin, to noble manifestations
Of Social Significance, to things they say Must Be in order that Other Things May Be.

So while to the drumming of our hearts under the friendly sheets succeed other drummers,
While the bayonet once again rends the sack, hallowed by the War-this-Time-to-End-Everything,
Up by your long silk waist and your eyes of nightshade, ah, graciously keep for us,
A small harbour of perfume where we may hug, kiss, wander, muse, and sing when you sing!"

And I, too, shy devotee of the outer enclosure, yet having always poured
My libation and felt my heart fail, fail at the sanguinary story,
Whisper with them: "Pray for us, *morituros*, the trailers of garlands, the drunk with serenades,
Pray for us under the bombs, Floria, Floria Tosca, Tosca *di mio cuore*!"

DERWENT

THE CRISIS

THE other day, citizens, I saw a cart full of bricks going along the street. Yes, I swear to it!

My heart simply leapt with joy. Because you understand, citizens, it means building, no more or less! No one in his senses would cart bricks for nothing! It means that a house is being built somewhere. Building's begun in good earnest, touch wood!

Perhaps in twenty years' time, or even less, each citizen of our great country will have a room to himself. And if the population doesn't increase too rapidly, then everyone might get two rooms. Or even three to one person. With a bathroom!

That would be a fine life, citizens! We'd sleep in one room, entertain visitors in another, do something else, whatever it may be, in the third. We'd find a whole lot of different things to do when life's so free and easy!

But meanwhile the problem of where to live is not easy to solve. There isn't enough square metres of space to go round because of the housing crisis.

I've recently been to Moscow, friends. I've had first-hand experience of this crisis.

When I arrived at Moscow, I began looking for a room. Up and down the streets I walked, carrying my things in my hands. Nothing doing. There was nowhere to leave my stuff, to say nothing of spending the night.

For a fortnight I wandered in this fashion about the streets, grew a beard and lost most of my things. And I continued looking for a room, unencumbered, so to speak.

At last in a block of flats I met a man coming down the stairs.

"For three hundred roubles," he told me, "I can fix you up in a bathroom. It's a gentleman's flat. Three lavatories and a bathroom. You can live in the bathroom. True, there's no window, but there's a door. And plenty of water. You can fill the bath with water," he said, "and swim in it all day long if you like."

To this I replied:

"I'm not a fish, dear comrade. I don't want to swim all day. I'd rather live in a dry place. Can't you knock something off the price on account of the dampness?"

"I'd like to but I can't, comrade," said he. "It doesn't depend entirely on me. The flat's a communal flat. And the price for the bathroom had been decided upon communally."

"Well," said I, "I call it robbery. But what is a man to do? All right. Take my three hundred roubles and let me in at once. I've been walking about the streets for three weeks. I'm getting a bit tired."

Well, they let me in, and I soon settled down.

The bathroom was, in fact, a gentleman's bathroom. A marble bath with beautiful taps, a marble pillar supporting the ceiling and all that. But as it happens, there was nothing to sit on. Only the edge of the bath, and that, being marble, was very slippery. And you slipped off it straight down into the marble bath. . . .

I made a cover for it out of planks, and carried on.

A month later, as it happens, I got married.

I married a nice, good-natured young woman. She had no room.

I was a bit afraid that she'd turn me down on account of the bath, and that I'd never know the comfort and happiness of married life. But she did not turn me down. When she saw the bath, she just frowned a bit, and then said:

"Well, good people live in bathrooms as well as anywhere else. And if it comes to the worst, we could always put up a partition wall. F'r instance, we could make a boudoir here, and a dining-room there. . ."

"To put up a partition wall is always possible, citizeness," I told her. "But the other tenants wouldn't allow it, the devil take them. The condition is: no alterations whatever."

Well, we settled down to things as they were.

In a little less than a year a small child was born to my wife and me. We called him Volodia, and went on living as before. The bath proved very handy for bathing him.

In fact, it proved a very great convenience indeed. The child was bathed every day and never caught cold.

There was one inconvenience, though: in the evening the communal tenants insisted on taking their baths. And my whole family had to turn out into the passage while they did.

I tried to persuade them to take their baths on Saturdays.

"Citizens," I told them, "it isn't nice to bathe every day. Life is made very difficult for us by your habits of cleanliness. You must try and see our point of view."

But they, the devils, were thirty-two men strong. And they used the worst possible language. They even threatened to smash my face for me.

What is a man to do? We had to put up with it. And so we went on living.

Soon after that my wife's mother arrived from the provinces. She settled down behind the marble pillar.

"I've been looking forward always to nursing a grandchild," she told me. "You cannot possibly deny me this pleasure."

I said:

"I'm not denying it to you. Get on with it, old lady, nurse him as much as you like. You may, if you wish, fill the bath with water and dive in with your grandchild, if it pleases you."

And to my wife I said:

"Perhaps you're expecting more relatives to come, citizeness? If so, tell me straightaway. Don't keep a man in suspense."

And she said:

"I'm not sure, but my little brother might come for the Christmas holidays perhaps . . ."

Without waiting for the little brother, I left Moscow. And I'm sending money to my family by post.

MICHAEL ZOSHCHENKO
(Translated by ELISAVETA FEN)

POETS AND MUSICIANS

IN the delightful collection of *Broadsides* of 1937 published by the Cuala Press, Dublin, which contains a number of new Irish and English songs by various writers, there is an interesting preface by W. B. Yeats and Dorothy Wellesley on the vexed question of words and music in which the authors lay a finger on the root perplexity of the problem of setting words to music in the following sentences:

> The poet, his ear attentive to his own art, hears with derision most settings of his work, or, if the work be not his own but some famous masterpiece, with blind rage. And yet there are old songs that melt him into tears.

I have come to the conclusion that the "old songs"—which are perhaps without exception the old folk-songs, although they certainly had an original individual author—belong to an altogether different art to that of the modern song as known to musicians, of which Schubert is the greatest master. The difference is this: that the "old songs," to which the editors of *Broadsides* refer, were *written and composed* by poets, whereas the musical songs are exclusively the work of musicians who have taken the words of some poet and built music upon them. One does not need to be a trained musician to compose a song any more than one needs to be able to write in order to speak; one only needs to be musical, to have a natural ear for tone and rhythm which one has developed by the practice of using it. While songs were handed down orally there was no necessity for a notator. The songs, therefore, preserved their original character, their freedom of form, their subtlety of rhythm. It was only in the eighteenth and nineteenth

centuries with the development of music as a widespread separate art that musicians who had learned the system of musical notation which by then had been elaborated and fixed into a settled language began to put into that language the folk-songs which they heard in the country and began thus to collect.

What they actually did was to translate these songs into another language. The difference between the tones and rhythms actually used by the folk-song writers and the tones and the semi-tones of the diatonic scale which made up the European musical notation was undoubtedly as great as the differences between the English and French languages. It is not surprising, therefore, that in so many collections of folk-songs made by professional musicians the original song is cruelly manipulated and mutilated to fit the procrustean bed of an alien language. This is strikingly shown in the pianoforte accompaniments forced upon these old songs which absolutely ruin them and have often caused the editors actually to alter the original melodic line. The difficulty, even impossibility, of putting the poet's rhythm into musical bars has also led to alteration for the worse. In the original songs of poets there is only rhythm and melody, there is no harmony. It is the attempt to fix a harmony to the melodic line which ruins the folk-song and it is the compulsion of harmony and the complex harmonic language of music as used by musicians which unfits them for writing the poets' songs. That is why to-day the only genuine songs—in the poetic and not the modern musical sense—are the popular songs of the music-hall, of Variety and Revue which are generally composed by men who are not musicians, who know no harmony and often cannot even write down the melodies they invent, but have to hire somebody to take them down as they whistle or sing them.

Now these men invent the words and the music practically simultaneously as the old poets of the folk-songs did. That their work is generally (but not always) so inferior to the old folk-songs is due entirely, in my opinion, to the substitution of an urban for a rural civilisation. The writers of these songs (often music-hall comedians) are popular poets—poets much inferior to Campion and the Elizabethans, but still poets, not musicians; it is their words which determine the tune and the rhythm, although I would not deny that the rhythmic tune often came into their minds slightly before the words—which gradually formed themselves upon it—whenever they were using a familiar pattern. I would maintain, however, that when a new tune was invented it originated with the words, as so many of Sullivan's tunes originated in Gilbert's verses. It was Gilbert who invented the rhythmic pattern of the song and Sullivan who wrote down a tune that sprang inevitably from that pattern.

The editors of *Broadsides* quote an illuminating passage from Tom Moore, as follows:

> It has always been a subject of some mortification to me that my songs as they are set give such a very imperfect notion of the manner in which I wish them to be performed. There is but one instruction I should venture to give any person desirous of doing justice to the character of these ballads and that is to attend as little as possible to the rhythm or time in singing them. The time, indeed, should always be made to wait upon the feeling, but particularly in this style of musical recitation when the words ought to be as nearly *spoken* as is consistent with the swell and sweetness of intonation and where a strict and mechanical observance of time completely destroys all those pauses lingerings and abruptnesses which the expression of passion and tenderness requires.

The difference between the poet's and the musician's approach to songs could hardly be better put. To the poet the words are primary and the "music" of a song is absolutely determined by the words. There is no doubt that this is a special brand of poetry, which we may call poetico-musical art, and that it requires a specific blend of poetic and musical faculties which all poets do not possess. I should say that Wordsworth was almost devoid of it, whereas Shakespeare is full of it. No doubt it is essentially the lyrical gift in poetry but its affinity to music varies in degree. Perhaps no great poet can be entirely without it and therefore we find traces of it in Wordsworth, though much less than in Burns and Blake. The case of Tennyson is interesting. Like Thomas Moore, his poetic gift had a large musical element in it and his poetic nature, like Moore's, was therefore much nearer to the old writers of folk-songs than Browning's, for example. Yet Browning knew much more about music and his approach to a song would, I am sure, have been that of a musician. That is to say, for Browning words were words and music, music—entirely separate and unmarriageable arts. This is also the point of view of the type of musician like Beethoven and Mozart, but not so much of musicians like Schubert and Sullivan. It is clear, therefore, that there is a similar variety among musicians as among poets.

W. J. TURNER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Yellow Sands," at the Regal

The slump in new films continues. Even *Yellow Sands*, a British production, might be called a revival, for it only puts on the screen what many of us have already seen on the stage. Like nearly all British films it gets little beyond being typically British. A foreword impresses on us the need of filming naturally our own life and countryside, but the film itself, when we come to it, is distressingly stagey. What a gap there is between documentaries of the type of *North Sea* and sentimental comedy such as *Yellow Sands!* The only Devonshire given us at the Regal is a Devonshire visited by West End actors; they dress up and walk about the cliffs; their accents come from some Loamshire where all actors seem to have learned rustic speech. *Yellow Sands* has two redeeming points—the scenery and Dame Marie Tempest. Unfortunately, there is not enough of either: some lovely views of the coast, and Dame Marie dead before the film is half over. While she still occupies the screen, she charms us by a pure stage mastery of situation and by a dignity incredibly regal. The rest waver between tearful comedy and farce; and some, when they open their mouths, are more brutishly local than others. Still, despite Haymarket production and dull photography, *Yellow Sands* manages to be at times amusing and pretty, and that, in latter August, is something.

"L'Homme à Abattre," at the Berkeley

L'Homme à Abattre is as close to the stop-press as *Yellow Sands* is removed from it. The French go on producing war films, giving impressive glimpses of their aviation and Maginot line; this latest thriller shows the military spy system at work. Germany and France are at war (there is no concealment of nationalities). We see the aeroplanes, fixed by searchlights, driving relentlessly overhead; bombs drop on soldiers nuzzling their way in gas-masks through the fog; the French General Staff surveys the progress of the air-battle on a floor map illuminated from below by moving units. So much for the Things to Come. There is also the more conventional atmosphere of spies watching one another over champagne glasses, planning to steal important documents, adopting unlikely disguises, with an occasional bomb or revolver shot thrown in. And of course at the centre of all this, married to a spy from one country, loved by the counter-spy of another, is the bewitching woman (Viviane Romance). It goes quickly enough, helped by the minor characters and street views which have been part of every French film since Clair. Except for a scene or two *L'Homme à Abattre* is not realistic enough to suggest real war. If you want a goodish thriller, this will keep you excited and at moments amused with touches of *echt* Oppenheim.

THE COMING WEEK

SUNDAY, September 4th—
Three Choirs Festival, Worcester. Till September 9th.

MONDAY, September 5th—
Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, Covent Garden Opera House.
Royal Carl Rosa Opera Company, People's Palace, Mile End Road.
"Tobias and the Angel," St. Martin's.

TUESDAY, September 6th—
"Room for Two," Comedy.

WEDNESDAY, September 7th—
"Can We Tell?" New.

THURSDAY, September 8th—
Public Meeting of the Abyssinia Association. Speakers include: G. T. Garratt, Miss Margery Perham, D. N. Pritt and Sir George Paish. Central Hall, Westminster, 8.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THERE is one form of humour which always produces a disagreeable impression upon me, and, since I am not amused by it, always seems to me an index of a mind as barbarous as that of the village lout, who, until swamped by chars-à-bancs and week-enders, would guffaw or catcall at any stranger passing through his village. The humour I mean consists of laughing at the differences which distinguish the past from the present: which regards a man in a ruff as infinitely funny because it is not a collar—while as for togas and primitive men wearing skins and using stone hammers they are simply side-splitting. Curiously enough the appeal of this sort of joke is immense. It can be found in practically every issue of the humorous magazines and provides the subject of innumerable best sellers of the 1066 *And all That* description. To a vast section of the population the only interest in history consists in the mirth-provoking fact that it is all in the past, and that it provides an enormous reservoir of comic "has-beens." Since I look on such a state of mind with toffee-nosed superiority, to use a popular phrase, which has a delightful derivation, I was surprised to find myself doubled up with laughter over the antics of various gentlemen in armour in *The Sword in the Stone*, by T. H. White (Collins, 8*s.* 6*d.*), which retells the story of the education of King Arthur by Merlin. But a moment's reflection showed the difference between the subject of Mr. White's humour and that of—let us say—Mark Twain's *A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur*. Twain's humour consisted of showing the modern man, accustomed to the sensible and hygienic top-hat and elevated railway, getting tangled up in a lot of junk in the age of chivalry and scoring off it. He was laughing at the spirit of the past. T. H. White, on the other hand, laughs neither at the present nor the past, but at the eternal unchanging figures in both. Thus his knights are the country gentlemen and Colonel Blimps whom he has met hunting, fishing, and shooting, and whom he has studied with care. Such a one is the "refayned" King Pellinore, who is always after the Questing Beast, and carries about its fewmets, or excrementa.

> "Interestin' job that, very."
> "Yes, it is interesting. Would you like to see some fewmets?"
> "By Jove, yes. Like to see some fewmets."
> "Ay have some better ones at home, but these are quite good really."
> "Bless my soul. So these are her fewmets."
> "Yes, these are her fewmets."
> "Interestin' fewmets."
> "Yes, they are interesting, aren't they? Only you get tired of them," added King Pellinore.

* * *

T. H. White has made, in fact, the same assumption which Tolstoy made in writing *War and Peace*: that there are no essential differences between historical characters and people living to-day. For that reason *The Sword in the Stone* is not just a boy's book about monsters, or a funny book about knights in armour, nor a purely whimsical book like Kenneth Graeme's *Wind in the Willows*. It has something in common with all these, but has the life and solidity that they lack. The best bits of it indeed are the direct descriptions of nature, of country life, of the behaviour and appearance of bird, beast, and fish. Like Tolstoy, still more like Rostov, or Levin, White has a passion for all country sports and crafts. He can describe haymaking because he has obviously worked in the hayfield, or an owl eating a mouse, because he has fed owls on mice. Thus he enters into the soul of a hawk, of a grass-snake, of a badger, of a fish, because he has kept them, tamed them, spent months of his life learning to know them. It is not idle whimsicality which leads him to translate their characters into terms which all his readers may understand, but poetic insight. He has thus without magic equipped himself to describe Arthur's training as though he himself had been Merlin's pupil. It will be remembered that Arthur was turned into a fish, a bird, etc. These chapters in *The Sword in the Stone* show, in my opinion, real poetic imagination which is all the more moving because they are broken up by passages of great comic buffoonery.

* * *

The boy Arthur, "the Wart," as he is nicknamed, is turned into a merlin by Merlin and set in the mews at night to listen to the conversation of the hooded hawks standing gravely in the silver moonlight like motionless statues of knights in armour, each with his plumed helmet, and spurred and armed.

> It is military talk really like you might have in the mess of a crack cavalry regiment: tactics, small arms, maintenance, betting, famous hunts, wine, woman, and song. . . . Another subject is food. They're a hungry lot, poor chaps, thinking of the best restaurants where they used to go, and how they had champagne and caviare and gipsy music. Of course they all come of noble blood.

They are in fact Fascists, Russian officers of the old regime, Franco's generals, and the neophyte set amongst them has to undergo the initiatory ordeal of standing next Colonel Cully, the goshawk, who, poor fellow, suffers from homicidal mania. Poor Colonel Cully is in agony, and his talk is of Prince Ferdinand after the death of the Duchess of Malfy.

> "Be brave, sir," said the Wart softly.
> "Be brave, sir! Why but two nights since one met the Duke 'bout midnight in a lane behind Saint Mark's Church, with the leg of a man upon his shoulder and he howled fearfully."
> "It's nothing," said the Wart.
> . . . now the Colonel was sidling towards him along the perch. His poor, mad, brooding eyes glared in the moonlight, shone against the persecuted darkness of his scowling brow. There was nothing cruel about him, no ignoble passion. He was terrified of the Wart, not triumphing, and he must slay.

But the Wart stands out his time, escapes by a ruse and is congratulated on his very gentlemanly exhibition. There is an equally convincing conversation with a timid grass snake in the arched crypt of white grass roots between the green blades and the mud floor, in which the Wart learns the real story of St. George and the dragon, which is so painful, and so probable, that the reader will feel a lump in his throat and turn on hurriedly to a more boisterous part of the book. To Sir Ector's annual speech about the cattle show followed by the National Anthem.

> God save King Pendragon
> May his reign long drag on.

Predictions are rash: but *The Sword in the Stone* should be enormously popular and become one of those curious classics of English literature which are as much part of the lives of grown-up people as of their children. I do not wish to give the impression that I think it perfect. It is frequently commonplace and there are two quite bad chapters: the ruthless extermination of the anthropophagi by Robin Hood's men who cannot (even with the help of Lord Lilford) be got into the same continent as the poor Sciopods and pigmies. And there is a visit to the Fascist giant's castle who beats his prisoners with rubber truncheons—but yet fails to be a convincing giant. Perhaps the reason is that T. H. White has kept goshawks and merlins and badgers and grass snakes, and looked into their souls and loved them, but has never been in a concentration camp or known a torturer. On the other hand, his boar hunt is good and exactly corresponds to my memories of the hunts to which I was taken by a French postman—yet I strongly suspect that Mr. White hasn't hunted wild boars. In any case his description of tilting sounds as though he had spent years training for it and had given it up in disgust. We have all met Madame Mim the witch, with her parlour with its lace curtains and the lithograph of the Virgin's Choice, and the text of the Lord's prayer written backwards and hung upside down, and heard her sing:

> Peep out of the lace curtain
> There goes the Toplady girl, she's up to no good that's certain.
> Oh, what a lovely baby!
> How nice it would go with gravy.

The Sword in the Stone is, in short, the most delightful book for old and young. Those who don't like King Pellinore will like the grass snake.

DAVID GARNETT

HONOURABLE MURDER

Imperial Japan, 1926-1938. By A. MORGAN YOUNG. *Allen and Unwin.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

When one observes the writings and behaviour of a Rosenberg or a Streicher, one perceives an exaggeration of certain types of mania occasionally observable in less highly placed individuals in this and other countries. I sometimes receive postcards from people with the same kind of obsession that Streicher has about the Jews; one may meet in a lunatic asylum people with the same kind of megalomania that drives the Nazis to destroy Europe. The Japanese ruling class has an equally dangerous mania. But they wear it with a difference, and the difference, as far as I know, has not yet been properly analysed. The analysis would turn, I think, on the fact that Japan has moved direct from feudalism to monopoly capitalism, without the intermediate stage of liberal capitalism and its bourgeois humanitarian ideals. The Government of Japan is not technically Fascist, but it is not unlike Fascism in its essentials. In particular its hatred of reason is no less sublime than that of the Nazis. One sees throughout Mr. Morgan Young's extremely interesting book that "dangerous thoughts," for which one may be imprisoned or executed in Japan, simply mean any reasonable approach to any social problem. The Japanese, as he remarks and as the League Powers discovered at Geneva, have less than the usual human being's difficulty in maintaining, and apparently in themselves believing, contradictory propositions at the same time. And one finds, in analysing their imperialism, elements that differentiate their megalomania from even the most exaggerated forms of economic imperialism that we have known in the West.

Mr. Morgan Young, who was for so many years the editor of the *Japan Chronicle*, has an intimate acquaintance with all developments of this mania. (He is now editor of a new and valuable "Far East" Survey, issued fortnightly in this country.) In an earlier book he told the story of internal Japan from 1912-1926. The present volume brings the story up to the present day. It is a detailed and reliable account of events rather than a social analysis or even an interpretation. It deals very little with the intense poverty which lies at the back of Japanese policy, though it makes clear that both in 1931 and 1937 the renewed Japanese onslaughts on China were dictated in part by the necessity for a foreign adventure to divert attention from internal conditions. For the most part his story is a narrative, astonishing to people unfamiliar with Japan, of the struggle for power between different political cliques and between the army and the political leaders. We see the Japanese Liberal leaders, whom we were once told to trust, ousted from power or assassinated. Indeed, it may be said that the main theme of the book is murder.

There are two types of murder, the judicial and the unauthorised. Fear of Communism is as mad in Japan as in Germany, and in Japan, as in Germany, Communism is made to include all liberal ideas and even quite mild criticisms of the existing regime. "Criticism of the army and of the army estimates," said Araki, "can only be inspired by the Third International." Of the methods used to suppress the Left, Mr. Morgan Young gives many examples. Let me quote one. In one of the smaller raids, an officer's daughter, an expectant mother, was arrested:

> Her condition gained no consideration, the police point of view being the excellent biological one that instinct would impel her to betray her confederates, so as to save the child in her womb. . . . They examined Takako until she aborted, but she made no admission. She was removed to hospital where the doctors operated. She survived the operation but lost her reason, and in this condition was consigned to prison in October where she was kept till January, undergoing further questioning. By that time the police decided that she was incapable of informative speech and therefore useless for their purpose. It was in May, 1931, that they reported to this effect and disclaimed further responsibility for her.

The second type of murder is one comparatively little known in Europe. Murders are committed even more often than suicide in order to vindicate social as well as personal "honour." I have not counted the number of distinguished public servants whose murder Mr. Morgan Young reports, but they run into scores. The trials of those who murder a Prime Minister are in strong contrast to the trials of Liberals or Communists who have committed no crime of any sort. Mr. Morgan Young points out that Communist trials are conducted *in camera* so that no publicity can be given to the views of the executed. The most extraordinary latitude is given to those who murder a Prime Minister because they think that he has concluded a bad treaty or is less enthusiastic for war than a true Japanese should be. An eminent lawyer, defending a murder of this type, "found justification for doing to death one of Japan's most courageous and devoted public servants in the fact that during his premiership Japan concluded the London Naval Treaty and permitted the export of gold." The young officers who commit these murders are invariably extolled as public heroes and usually given light sentences of imprisonment which are frequently not carried out. All Japan, says Mr. Morgan Young, loves a murderer.

It will be said that this is but little different from the story of Nazi Germany. I will add two examples to illustrate the psychological difference. Take the case of the priest Inoue, who had been a spy for the army general staff and who became a Buddhist priest, built himself a temple and there gathered together a group of young men called the Bloody Brotherhood, "who mixed their blood and drank it as an accompaniment to their initiation oath." Besides the victims whose death he had encompassed, Inoue had a list of twenty more eminent men whom he had decided to persuade his followers to murder. At his trial priest Inoue said that he had "a high regard for constitutional procedure, but the emergency which the country faced justified strong measures." He gave a list of those he intended to murder, which included the Premier and a large number of the leading men of Japan. "As the murders were professedly a preliminary to political reforms, the Court asked Inoue what was the nature of the reforms contemplated. He replied that he had no idea. It was his part to see to the killing. He left reconstruction to others." At one point in the trial the accused were so annoyed with the judge that they struck and "all refused to go on with the trial, and the judge actually visited Inoue in prison to try and placate him." The judge had to resign and the accused in the end received sentences of four years each. Take finally the story of the Three Human Bombs. Two army leaders were apparently troubled by a loss of spirit on a sector where there was much barbed wire. Three volunteers were then obtained to carry along a cigar-shaped bomb to the barbed wire, which exploded, killing them and doing a negligible amount of damage to the barbed wire:

> No military need dictated the action and no military advantage was gained; but the moral effect was tremendous, every newspaper in Japan displayed the news with enormous headlines. Extraordinary details were gathered of the three heroes, all Kyushu men. Prizes were offered for the best songs and the best tunes to which to sing them. Uniformed bands went on tour and marched through the streets of towns playing "The Song of the Three Human Bombs." Crowds gathered round gramophone shops to hear the records. Lectures were given on platform and over radio, and the nation was solemnly assured that the Great War had produced no such heroic deed. Carrying the bomb became a popular game for little boys, whose training in the martial spirit begins when they leave the cradle. Eventually a statue was erected in their honour.

Perhaps I am wrong and there is nothing fundamentally different between Japanese and other imperialisms? We, too, have our childish recitations of *Casabianca*, and it is, I suppose, possible, if Fascism maintains its victorious career or if there is no way of ending it except through universal war, that the West may reach the position summarised by Mr. Morgan Young: "It was a firm belief of the rulers of Japan that the Empire could only endure if every spark of intellectual honesty were relentlessly stamped out. This dread of truth is a phenomenon found all over the world, but seldom in such strength and abundance as in modern Japan."

KINGSLEY MARTIN

NEW NOVELS

Because I Must. By HILDA LEWIS. *Jarrolds.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
Spella Ho. By H. E. BATES. *Cape.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
Long Haul. By A. I. BEZZERIDES. *Cape.* 5*s.*

A novel that begins:

> I remember the day they hanged my mother. A hot gritty sort of day with a hard blue sky. August it was, and only a week off my birthday. I was going on for eleven. I was grinding my heel into a crack in the playground and wondering when they would send our mother back. Whether it would be in time for my birthday and whether she would give us a special-treat tea and take us to the pictures like last year.

ends,

> It's been a hard job writing down all this. If you're not used to holding a pencil same as I am not, you wouldn't know how your fingers go cramped so as you can't grip no more. And then your eyes will

> begin to ache, not so as you'd notice it at first. But after a bit you will notice it. And the ache goes on and on in your head even when you've put down the pencil. And in your heart. More than anything in your heart. You get that sickness because you can sort of trace the way back. . . .

and maintains such a style even in descriptive passages, must possess very exceptional narrative qualities to avoid the alternative rocks of comedy or boredom. In the present instance, Miss Lewis has got away with it, and got away with it superbly; but her success is in spite, and not because, of her deplorable technique. *Because I Must* is an English rendering of the tough novel, with a certain grand-filial relationship to old-style melodrama. The story, which is told throughout in the first person, is the dismal life-history of Nellie, the daughter of a murderess; and follows her shabby odyssey from orphan school, through domestic service and sordid seduction, to her final rediscovery of the infant sister who was adopted by a wealthy family at the time of the tragedy. For years Nellie has seen in dreams the awful face of her hanged mother, and at last, obsessed by dozens of obscure fears, she murders her adored sister in mistake for the chauffeur, and we leave her in the condemned cell, writing her reminiscences, and screaming at the lolling maternal ghost that stands smiling in the corner. As may be clear from the above synopsis, Nellie's motives are highly obscure, and I suspect that this obscurity may be shared by the author. It is made plain, for instance, that the ghost is purely a subjective Banquo; and yet, on one occasion, there is a strong hint that it may be as real as that of Hamlet's father. And then the murder itself; did Nellie mean to kill her sister, or was it really an accident? And did——? Oh, what's the use; Nellie, like so many of her volubly tongue-tied kind, is often so inarticulate as to be almost incomprehensible.

But, all the same, *Because I Must* is a sensitive and moving story that even in its most extravagant moments keeps a clear-cut and often horrifying reality. Nellie herself, with her simple, pathetic priggishness, and underlying homicidal mania, may be impossible in large, but in detail she is wholly convincing. And it is Miss Lewis's talent that all her characters, even the most transient, are equally alive; look at the flirtatious, slovenly Francie:

> She put her bare elbows on the sticky marble table. You could *see* the skin sticking to the table. It bothered me how she *could*. She didn't seem to mind, though.
>
> "How's old Jim?" she asked. "And don't tell me he's fine."
>
> "All right," I said. I could feel the red rushing up all over my face.
>
> "Struck on him, aren't you?" asked Francie, pressing down on her bun with a fork. The sweetish stuff they call cream came busting out. . . . A blob of cream dropped off her fork on to her black satin dress. Francie spat on her hankie and rubbed at it. "There!" she said, very satisfied, though I could see the place plain. "What was we talking about? . . ."

Miss Lewis has written a clever and entertaining story; only her affected style is to be regretted. It is often pretended that this kind of writing brings the reader closer to actual life; in fact, his reactions to it are the same as to gangster slang, or to the false mediaevalisms of Victorian historical novels; and what seems to appeal for its realism is really pleasing because picturesque. The author is sometimes as unnatural as a musical-comedy star dressed as a Tartar, and it is only her virtuosity that atones for the false moustache. Because she can tell a story as well as any young novelist writing, she has produced a highly effective melodrama; it is some little time before we notice its immense improbabilities.

Mr. Bates is a subtle and sensitive writer who has gained a high reputation by his delicate handling of the slighter passions, and his precise intuitions into the wordless motives that trouble the feelings of the ordinary man and woman. In *Spella Ho* he has tried to write an epic of blind, money-making determination, set against the background of a rising industrial town at the end of the last century; he has put O'Neill's Hairy Ape into Bennett's Potteries, and described his exploits in the style that Mr. Garnett once compared to the summer freshness of lime blossom. The theme of his book is the rise of Shadbolt, son of a drunken carrier, from the wretched, fireless hovel where his mother died in filth and resignation, to the lonely lordship of Spella Ho, the great Regency house overlooking the smoking factories that made its master a wealthy man. Shadbolt is not an endearing figure. Hideous in appearance, as the author often reminds us, hopelessly vulgar, almost wholly insensitive to everything save his own interest, fundamentally stupid, but possessed by a remorseless will to wealth that drives him on as blindly as steam drives an engine. We see him in his youth, harbouring business schemes before he can count change, then serving the queer old lady of Spella who, pleased to find another as ruthless as herself, leaves him slum property, then in London, robbed of his few sovereigns as he lies sweating with fever in a garret with a dead man, and then slowly prospering, building hotels and gas-works, until he can buy Spella Ho for himself. Not, in fact, the sort of character for Mr. Bates; and he, as well as his readers, seems surprised at the triumph of his improbable creation. For Shadbolt, when you get down to him, is a great sham. The author apparently believed that so horrible a monster was bound to succeed materially under Victorian capitalism, and then painted his dummy in such dark colours that no capacities were left to bring him success. In the end, Mr. Bates is reduced to coincidence, and has to make Shadbolt the beneficiary of a number of delightful oddities, from a radical peer with a mania for water, to Candlestick Parker, an aged inventor; and although he continues to talk of Shadbolt's vast energies and business talents, he only allows him the sense to pick up a good thing that is blatantly thrust in his way. Again, Shadbolt is said to have an irresistible fascination for most types of women; but here too the author is quite at a loss to justify his postulate, and refrains from any explanation, explicit or otherwise, for this curious phenomenon.

All the same, Mr. Bates is too good a writer to have made *Spella Ho* other than a pleasant and readable story. Shadbolt is the centre of events, but he may be regarded almost as a conventional feature of the period landscape; and the book reads less as a novel than as a panorama of the squalor, adventure, and gas-lit romance that marked the grand climateric of the industrial revolution. As a descriptive writer, Mr. Bates is unsurpassed, whether his subject is a snow-covered field in the half-light of evening, or a savage knuckle-fight beneath the flare of torches; and if Shadbolt and his friends are not real people, they have been given the two-dimensional clarity of twopence-coloured broadsides.

Ever go ride a lorry? Well, take *Long Haul* to read on the way, while you stick to the camber at sixty, and the smell of the engine hits up in your face like a wop pug, and you think of your girl in Kansas, and the trade-card your old folks got from the morgue, and the oranges rotting behind you (Mick the Greek pulled a fast one over the buyers), and you long for ham-and or a T-bone (steak and chips to you), and you—Jeeze, Tim's fallen outa the cab! aw, what the Hell, the cops'll clean up where he hit. You gotta be tough to ride the long haul, but the roads tougher than you, and the roads got time to wait (Jeeze, the wheel's come off—so what?) Ever had a big end through the kidney? Ever seen a guy bounce like a ball of fire from a blazing tanker? That was Ned, that was. But you've gotta go on or go under, an' it's usually under. Sure I'm tough, I last me for a 182 pages. But it gets me too in the end, just like I said. It simply gotta.

JOHN MAIR

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY ESSAYS

The Polite Marriage. By J. M. S. TOMPKINS. *Cambridge University Press.* 10s. 6d.

One of the greatest difficulties confronting any student of literature is to give his generalised observations an historical framework. In literary text-books, the hour is always striking: new movements are perpetually manifesting themselves: and on the last stroke of twelve the Muse of Romantic Poetry drives up to the door, while the Genius of Augustan Verse flies out of the window. In fact, literary changes of mood, though they may be said to reach a point of maximum intensity in the productions of such and such writers, appear almost as gradually as they fade away. It would be very hard, for example, to assign any date to the inception of the romantic movement or to decide whether the romantic impulse had yet expired; but it is at least obvious that romantic tendencies in literature began to emerge very much earlier than the average text-book historian is prepared to allow and that their diffusion was far wider than we most of us recognise. Even Pope has definitely romantic aspects; and in the taste and manners of the mid-eighteenth century there were already hints of a changing attitude towards life and art. Among the six admirable essays collected by Miss J. M. S. Tompkins under the title of *The Polite Marriage*, the first and the fourth are particularly interesting since they deal with the inroads of romantic sentiment upon the lives of only moderately gifted but highly self-conscious individuals, whose romanticism was of a picturesque and personal order. Both the Griffiths and the anonymous author of *The Scotch Parents* had the strength of feeling and the volubility of another age.

More interesting still—Mr. and Mrs. Griffiths, joint authors

of *A Series of Genuine Letters*, afterwards developed into fully fledged novelists; and a curious and significant discrepancy may be traced between the language and standards that they employed when writing to one another and the conventional standards that they accepted when writing fiction, though the subject matter thay exploited was often the same. In private converse, they have a surprisingly modern air: on their literary hobby-horses they amble along to a more decorous measure and permit themselves few divergences from the primmest orthodoxy. For the *Genuine Letters* (whatever they became in the closing volumes) were originally the product of a long and difficult courtship, followed by an equally difficult marriage, in which the nerves of these lover-opponents were strained to the uttermost. Their problems were often problems of their own making; neither had a particularly easy temperament; and it is the picture of two tempestuous, over-sensitive, over-excitable human beings wrangling and nagging their way to domestic felicity that gives the correspondence its odd literary and personal charm. Henry's intentions were rakish, his character priggish. He was a good-natured but somewhat conceited and verbose young man, whose scheme of life admitted of those pleasing amorous velleities which he considered "the sweet Indulgence of fond Affections" but certainly stopped short of legitimate marriage; and when in 1746 he encountered Frances a sentimental and leisurely seduction was the most he aimed at. Frances, on the other hand, had different views. With feminine guile, she was continually hinting at that "fatal Delicacy" of constitution which made it dangerous for her to undergo emotional shocks and reminding him of her precarious situation; while Henry, with his "provoking, insincere, plausible, philosophick Temper," blew hot and then blew cold, now attempted to win her as a mistress, now warned her of the social perils she was running ("My Character is Libertine, your Fortunes are small, your Experience of the World but little, your Age young, your Guardian old") till his future wife began to show signs of a nervous breakdown. Yet, in the end, it was Frances who carried the day. As Henry paced and meditated around his farm, "a sort of vague Determination" to marry and found a family gradually possessed his spirit. Elsewhere, he informs Frances of the "most lucky incident" that occurred to persuade him that he really loved her. He was shaving—he did everything gracefully and meditatively—and, when he came to wipe the razor-blade, lo and behold, he found that he had picked up a letter from Chloe, a former and much-loved mistress. By nature, he was of an introspective and self-critical disposition, but, while he laughed at himself (remarks Miss Tompkins) he "never shrank under his own laughter," and it was "with a painless sense of the interesting oddities of the mind" that he described how the revelation was precipitated:

> I am apt to make Reflections upon all Manner of Occurrences and recollecting that Time was when I would sooner have sacrificed a Bank Note . . . I immediately began to perceive that my Passion had been extinct . . . a considerable Time before; but how long I could not exactly determine, because I could not precisely compute how long I had been in love with another Object, whom in the very Article of Shaving, I found I had conceived a real Passion for . . .

The sequel of the story—Henry's careless infidelities, their clandestine marriage, their migration from Ireland to England—must be left to Miss Tompkins' genial and witty narrative. *A Series of Genuine Letters between Henry and Frances* was first published (under the pressure of poverty) in 1757; the book seems to have enjoyed a certain success; and thereafter Mr. and Mrs. Griffiths would appear to have made a corner in married happiness (just as modern journalists attempt to make a corner in mother-love, nature-worship or sympathy for the unemployed), and published four volumes covering seventeen years of contentment. The later letters are not devoid of gaiety and frankness; but they have none of the romantic spontaneity of the early collection.

Second in interest only to Miss Tompkins' essay on the Griffiths, which she entitles *The Polite Marriage*, is the essay she has based on *The Scotch Parents*, a wild autobiographical effusion, published in 1773 and composed by an unhappy, ill-balanced and exceedingly tiresome young man from whose care her relatives had forcibly abducted the girl he intended to make an honest woman of. He had meant to do so; but they felt he was rather too long about it; and "John Ramble" wishes to explain that, had they been less insistent and vulgarly abusive, he, on his part, might have been more punctilious. . . . This book, surely, must be one of the oddest productions of minor eighteenth century prose literature; for, though "Ramble" was apparently half illiterate and alternates between theatrical bombast and vulgar colloquialism, he had a gift of rendering detail that suggests Defoe. How vivid, for instance, is his description of the costume in which Nell did her housework:

> Next to her shift (for it was seldom I could prevail with her to put on her stays) she wore a white silk waistcoat of mine; over that a red flannel one, and then a blue jacket, made from a coat of mine, a round-eared cap, and on her feet slippers.

—or his preposterous and pathetic account of Nell's attempt to assuage his jealousy and assure him of her devotion by plunging her finger into a teapot full of boiling water:

> I instantly took her finger out, and willing to have further trials of her constancy, I cried, this is all art—I will see whether there is need of the resolution you pretend. Upon which I put my finger in, and saying (quite otherwise than what I felt) this is nothing—thou false deceiving devil! I hate you—you make my life one continued scene of misery—I will now be revenged on you for all your plagues to me, taking up a knife, and throwing her on the bed, I roared out, now will I search that heart of yours and see whether it is foul or spotless. O Ramble, she cried, with an irresistible look of love and terror, will you kill your Nelly? . . .

Miss Tompkins' remaining essays are less sensational, though hardly less absorbing. She deals in turn with Dr. Hugh Downman, accomplished author of *The Didactic Lyre*, with "The Bristol Milkwoman," Miss Hannah More's ungrateful rustic protégée, James White, the author of burlesque historical romances, and Mary Hays, a subsidiary member of the Godwin circle, who loved fervently and wooed persistently, but always in vain. Each of Miss Tompkins' papers makes excellent reading. Together, they form a valuable addition to our knowledge of the period.

PETER QUENNELL

THE PROPHET

Mohammed. By ESSAD BEY. Translated by HELMUT L. RIPPERGER. *Cobden-Sanderson.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

This is a better book than it appears to be on a merely superficial examination. It is written in rather an annoying style, mannered, coloured, and aiming at meeting a popular taste. It never mentions any authority for its statements and is silent about the acute controversies over many of its "facts." The author undoubtedly has much too romantic a view of the Prophet and of the religion which was the result of his Mission. His view that Muhammed and Muhammedanism have been resurrected in Ibn Sa'ud seems to be tinged with the same romanticism. A careful reading of the book, however, reveals considerable merits. For the ordinary person, ignorant of the subject, but eager to learn something about one of the strangest of Prophets, it provides quite a good traditional account of his life. It is, of course, not accurate to imply that the ordinary reader "finds it hard to discover an account of (Muhammed's) life which is at once fluent and authoritative." Dermenghem's *Life of Mahomet* is also quite a good book of its kind and was translated into English a few years ago. On the other hand, it is true that there is not a very great choice of more superficial biographies of Muhammed, and Essad Bey has this merit, that, though one may disagree with him, he does see many of the most interesting and important points in the psychology of the Prophet, in the society which he set out to reform, and in the history of the religion which he founded.

The biographer of any of the great founders of a major religion who claimed direct revelation from God is faced with peculiar difficulties. The truth about the life of any man who lived a thousand or two thousand years ago is not easy to discover, but it is far easier to be certain about some of the facts relating to, say, Augustus Caesar than about any relating to Christ, Muhammed, or Gautama Buddha. The reason is that the founders of religion also become the founders of churches; churches beget heresies and heretics, and heresies and heretics are followed by persecutions. The true faith depends for its truth upon whether the inspired prophet said or did this or that. Thus too often biographical fabrication or falsification becomes a vested interest. The facts of Muhammed's life have certainly been enormously obscured and overlaid by these means, and there is hardly anything in the traditional account of it, which Essad Bey adopts, which must not be accepted with considerable reservation.

The traditional Muhammed is psychologically an extremely interesting character and one of the strangest of God's inspired prophets. One of the most remarkable things about him is that until he was nearly 40 he lived the life of an ordinary and rather successful merchant in Mecca. A large number of men, in

middle or late life, become afflicted with a peculiar kind of Weltschmerz. Their ordinary way of life, and particularly their occupation, suddenly become dust and ashes to them. The office stool, making speeches in Parliament, writing novels, editing a newspaper, which hitherto have seemed absorbing and important occupations, are now seen to be dreary and futile. The ordinary man who is not a prophet or in direct relation with the Almighty usually succeeds in living down or through this period of discontent and enlightenment, by making himself more or less intolerable to his wife, family or friends. This discontent and sense of futility fell upon the Meccan merchant in the late thirties of his life, and being an Arab of Mecca in the seventh century A.D., he took a different course and one often adopted by Arab merchants similarly afflicted. He neglected his business, his clothes, and his beard, and went out wandering in misery in the desert. Up to this time he does not appear to have shown any symptoms of genius or indeed of being a particularly remarkable man; he was intelligent, reserved, honest, cultivated, very careful of his personal appearance, and unusually faithful to a single wife. Then came the revelation and the mission. The traditional account of his subsequent life, if one can accept it, shows some profound and extremely contradictory changes in his character. At the age of 40 he developed from an ordinary merchant into not merely the Messenger of God, but a statesman of genius, and at a still later date into a very good general. His sexual development was even more revolutionary. The most difficult thing to understand in his later psychology is the combination or alternation of humanity, tolerance, and decency with cold-blooded and calculated cruelty. Here, however, we have reached the point at which correct judgment must depend upon the accurate knowledge of the facts, and no one can be certain that we now possess it.

LEONARD WOOLF.

BRITISH FOREIGN POLICY

The Foundations of British Foreign Policy, 1792-1902. Edited by HAROLD TEMPERLEY and LILLIAN M. PENSON. *Cambridge Univ. Press.* 25s.

This volume contains two hundred documents, many of them published for the first time, which serve to illustrate the habits of our Foreign Secretaries for just over a century of history. They have been edited with the impressive scholarship we have learned to expect from Professors Temperley and Penson. Some of them are classic despatches or speeches which would necessarily find a place in any such collection. Others, from unprinted sources, have been added, I suspect, less because they are in themselves of first-rate importance than because no editors can altogether resist the *fureur de l'inédit*. Together, under any circumstances, they make a fascinating collection.

They do not, I think, quite illustrate the title the editors have assigned to the volume. While there is a sense, as they say, in which "despite opposed parties and even opposed policies, the continuity of ideas in British diplomacy is striking," the principles which underlie them were capable of the most varied application by the Ministers who applied them. Palmerston's theory of non-intervention is certainly not Castlereagh's; Mr. Gladstone's attitude to the Balance of Power is very different from Lord Salisbury's; and the latter's attitude to public opinion resembles that of Lord Rosebery far more than it does that of Lord Rosebery's leader. What the volume illustrates superbly well is the manner in which, through the century covered, the statesmen concerned confronted problems the impact of which was much the same in successive generations. The variety of types of mind we encounter is of fascinating interest. The clarity of Canning, the skill of Castlereagh, the forthrightness of Palmerston, the duality of Mr. Gladstone's mind, the profundity and secretiveness of Salisbury, all these emerge unmistakably. One has the sense, too, of how large a part of the tactic of diplomacy is lived in a world from which, whatever be their influence on its strategy, both Parliament and the public are remote. The main relations here are of the professionals, men who abide by known rules and conventions into which the uninitiated can enter only with difficulty. Set out in this way, too, one has the sense that the clue to the whole is lacking. The study of foreign policy, regarded as a series of despatches and conversations, is a twilight world until it is related to the deeper, impersonal forces by which the policies of the main actors are formed. There are, of course, ample hints of the nature of these forces in the admirable notes and introductions with which the editors have, in so generous a manner, supplied us. Yet the moves and counter-moves of the principal figures seem part of a ballet of ghostly categories in their present form. It is not until we see them in a perspective profounder than that of foreign policy itself that the ends they are seeking to serve become clear and real.

This comes out in an interesting way in one of the new documents here printed by the editors—Granville's general statement of foreign policy written for the Queen in 1852. Behind the formality of its manner, one can see that it is the expression of an outlook convinced of the validity of free trade and constitutionalism, which is eager to press for these, and is certain that their possession by Great Britain means "an advanced state of civilisation," and that their adoption by less-favoured nations will "encourage moral, intellectual and physical progress" which is regarded as being broadly identical with them. They are not, indeed, to be pushed crudely; they do not normally justify the abandonment of non-intervention. The foundations of our foreign policy, in fact, are very much what that middle class, typified in this era by Cobden, would have wished. Their outlook and their needs formed the general background in which the diplomats of the time did their work. And I think, accordingly, that the "continuity" by which the editors have been so impressed arises from the fact that, in the period up to 1919, neither of the two political parties ever doubted the nature of the purposes their foreign policy was to serve. They might, in some given situation, distribute their emphasis differently; but the axis round which it revolved was always the same. For the purpose, in a word, of long-term action, the two parties were really one in the period concerned. The interests they had to satisfy so interpenetrated and suffused both of them as to make discontinuity unthinkable. They never made their history out of whole cloth because they approached the world they had to govern with the same ends in view. It was not, effectively, until after 1919 that this situation changed. In foreign policy, as elsewhere, the advent of the Labour Party to power introduces considerations qualitatively different from those faced by Liberal and Conservative Foreign Secretaries. Their philosophy of international relations has assumptions which the Labour Party could not honestly accept. That is why there exists the present wide abyss between Mr.

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Chamberlain, whose outlook is that of the statesmen Professors Temperley and Penson depict for us, and Mr. Attlee. The impact of these differences in the coming years will present problems as fascinating as they will be momentous.

HAROLD J. LASKI

LOST HORIZONS

The Unveiling of Timbuctoo. By GALBRAITH WELCH. *Gollancz.* 16s.

Black River of Tibet. By JOHN HANBURY-TRACY. *Muller.* 12s. 6d.

The romantic associations of any land must vary in proportion with its inaccessibility. The glamour of Timbuctoo has paled into humorous insignificance since its occupation by Joffre in '94, but at the beginning of the last century it stood for something real and tantalising. The French colonisation of West Africa, the armpit of the Continent, had only just begun, and over Government House there was a continual interchange of British and French flags. *The Unveiling of Timbuctoo* describes the journey of the first white man to reach the native capital and come back to tell of it. Two years ago Mr. Galbraith Welch, a member of the Société de Geographie, followed the path taken by René Caillié; the result is no ordinary travel book. René Caillié was born a fanatic with Timbuctoo in his blood. At sixteen he left his home and was taken on an ill-fated colonising expedition which included two of everything, commandants, geographers, mining engineers, butchers, blacksmiths, and four bakers. One ship was wrecked, and any survivors horribly tortured on the coast by the Moors; the other ship was to find that St. Louis, the town they intended to colonise, was for the time being British, and so moved down to Cape Vert, where the colony lingered on for seven months.

For Caillié, Timbuctoo was all and everything; when nineteen he set out to walk 300 miles across savage waste to join an English major, whom he had heard wanted men for an expedition. Half way the derelict is picked up and shipped to Guadeloupe; there the time is spent studying his Mungo Park, a fantastic pioneer, travelling with an enormous caravan, and shooting natives at sight. He is back again in six months and promptly joins an English expedition led by one Gray, who explored in high-necked tight-fitting uniforms, and was fleeced by each native chief in turn. Caillié saw that to succeed he must go alone, and vanished into the desert to live with the Moors, trying to pass as one of them; he is tortured and tormented but accepted as genuine; watched all the while by eagle eyes, the little man made copious notes on loose sheets in his Koran. Returning, he found no backer, and consequently made his way to Freetown, the home of emancipated slaves, where negro social strata were rigidly adhered to, the dances of the upper 600 being known as "Dignity Balls." With stories of being a much-abused Egyptian trying to make a way back to his own country, he was transported farther and farther inland. A year and a day later he arrived at Timbuctoo, to find it a golden city in symbolism only; she had shrunk back into the sand whence she came, grown old gracefully. Back across the Sahara, he had covered 3,150 miles, hailed as a prophet, denounced as a fool, and once in danger of having hot irons on his tongue to make certain. He was received with scepticism in Paris, but after the Société de Geographie had studied his notes and records, examined him personally, tested and re-tested his story, he was awarded the prize of 10,000 francs for the first white man to penetrate the mysteries of Timbuctoo, and bring back an account of what he had seen.

Tibet is our modern Timbuctoo, with promises not of golden door-handles and doe-eyed houris, but of peace of mind, and a civilisation unscathed by ours. A contrast to Caillié's white ant character is Mr. Hanbury-Tracy, for he accepts a casual dinner-table invitation to come to Tibet, and explore the source of the Black River. He is hard to understand on this two-man expedition, for at the very start he leaves behind the finances of the expedition locked in a discarded hat box, which means painful retracing; later when his co-explorer finds they should part ways, and join at a point farther on, leaving him to make his own way, it is undiluted Dean Farrar. "Sometimes I hoped for snags. . . . Funk, I said to myself; you're scared you can't do it. You're for it all right, and you'll find it most undeniable fun." It is only in the second chapter from the end one finds that the author can paint. The first part of the book is objective covering of ground, but he is slowly infused with the atmosphere of the country. They are arrested as Russian spies, which means a three months' delay while credentials are sought from Lhasa, and the account becomes understanding and leisurely, and by the end we know our Tibet intimately. The method of government is interesting, for two governors are sent to each province from Lhasa, the one to censure the other. In some provinces governing is done by a feudal feoff divinely appointed by a long extinct landowner. The governors are carefully graded according to the size of their province, and do so much "time" in the country before settling down to administration in Lhasa. It is an unhurried book which will not disillusion those who enjoyed their *Lost Horizon*; the only disappointment is the ritual dancers, who call to the author's mind Griffon and Mock Turtle lugubriously dancing the Lobster Quadrille.

RAYMOND ALDERSON

THE MOFFAT BIBLE

The New Testament. A New Translation by JAMES MOFFAT. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 6s.

Twenty-five years ago Dr. Moffat began publishing his modern version of the Bible. He celebrates the jubilee with a new edition; here it is—plain, accurate, unexciting. Like most people I had long known of this translation without troubling to read it. What inducement, indeed, was there to do so? A fresh Homer one might always look at (T. E. Lawrence's, for example), Dante and Goethe still await English interpreters, but the Authorised Version is final. The Bible is not one of those books which each generation dresses for itself. Dr. Moffat found himself writing against a permanent masterpiece and permanent best-seller: what a task! Further, at the time when he began religious prejudice was still against him; God had spoken, once and for all, in English, and who was Dr. Moffat? The prejudice now is perhaps more literary. We are amused and slightly shocked as we should be by an attempt to modernise the text of Shakespeare.

It is difficult not to begin the Moffat version with an eye for absurdities. Triumphantly, we fix on its moments of bathos, which are many. "In those days John the Baptist came on the scene preaching in the desert" is hardly an improvement on "In those days came John the Baptist preaching in the wilderness." The most famous sentences of the Bible seem to suffer worst. Could a batch of school examination papers produce odder examples than some of these?

> He fasted forty days and forty nights and afterwards felt hungry
>
> Are you the Coming One or are we to look for someone else?
>
> And you, O Capharnahum! Exalted to Heaven? No, you will sink to Hades!
>
> The appalling Horror spoken of by the prophet Daniel. . . .
>
> Again they yelled, "No, not him! Bar-Abbas!" . . . So out came Jesus, wearing the crown of thorns and the purple robe; and Pilate said "Here the man is!"
>
> "Teacher, we know you are straight in what you say. . . ."
>
> No one lights a lamp and hides it under a vessel.
>
> So saying he called out, "He who has an ear, let him listen to this."

It will be seen that, so far as style goes, Dr. Moffat does not mind putting his foot in it. He sedulously avoids repeating any phrase from the Authorised Version, preferring even "the realm of Heaven" to "the Kingdom of Heaven"; and in almost every case, one may say, his own version is vastly inferior. Epic grandeur has been sacrificed for—what precisely? Here and there, an accuracy which might justify footnotes but hardly a whole new text. If that were all, a sensitive reader would be justified in throwing the book out of the window.

But I found as I read on that Dr. Moffat's pedestrianism served a purpose. Many passages which before had thrilled me by their beauty of phrase, so that meaning had taken a second place, were seen now in a cold light. Useful! For there is no book from which we more need periods of disintoxication than the Bible. The Butcher and Lang level of Dr. Moffat's translation ensures that we shall keep our attention on the fact, the incident, the sense, the human character of the Gospel stories. True, he makes the New Testament humdrum, but he succeeds also in waking us out of incantations which go back to childhood. The scene of Peter's Denial, for example, strikes one afresh in modern prose:

> Now as Peter was downstairs in the courtyard, a maidservant of the high priest came along, and when she noticed Peter warming himself, she looked at him. "Ah," said she, "you were with the Nazarene too, with Jesus!" He denied it. "I don't understand," he said. "I don't see—what do you mean?" Then he went outside

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into the passage. The cock crowed. Again the maidservant who had noticed him began to tell the bystanders "That fellow is one of them." But he denied it again. After a little the bystanders once more said to Peter, "To be sure, you are one of them. Why, you are a Galilean!" But he broke out cursing and swearing, "I don't know the man you mean." At that moment the cock crowed for the second time. Then Peter remembered how Jesus had told him, "Before the cock crows twice, you will disown me thrice"; and he burst into tears.

No better than a hundred passages one could pick out of any competent novel? Perhaps not, but it replaces, it lightens a scene already overloaded and too often reiterated in the memory. We see the incident without stress as we might Confucius' meeting with the man who wanted to go bathing.

There are parts of the New Testament which no person, brought up in the Christian tradition, can separate from emotions of fear and guilt. Detachment, disinterestedness, curiosity—Dr. Moffat's version, despite its faults, helps towards these. It is the direction in which Christians are likely to go in the future. Of course, one can see that this modernisation could have been very much better done. Two writers of the last fifty years might, I think, have been capable of translating the New Testament excellently, if they had had the scholarship and perseverance to attempt it: George Moore and D. H. Lawrence. Both were profoundly affected by the story of Jesus; their versions would have been as different as chalk from cheese. G. W. STONIER

Cross and Swastika. By ARTHUR FREY. *Student Christian Movement.* 6*s.*

The Niemöller trial kept a European public alive to the plight of German Christians, but with its end, anger was soon diverted, and the invidious methods of suppression continue. There are few left to take up the cudgels, but Dr. Arthur Frey, a Swiss political economist, has produced a devastating analysis of the situation. Most remarkable is the book's objectivity, and the dispassionate outlook which the author has preserved; he has written a book which by its unbiased common sense makes it of much wider interest than the title implies, tracing the causes and foundations of National Socialism, implicit in German thought since the beginning of the last century. German youth is being brought up on the lines advocated by the Reichsminister of Instruction, Rosenberg, in his "Myth of the Twentieth Century," where, taking the inevitable step forward from Paul de Lagarde, Arthur Bonus, and Houston Stewart Chamberlain, he proclaims the belief in the German God, revealed in Blood and Race, in the People's Life, and in the history of the People. "The National Socialist Weltanschauung is based uncompromisingly on the self-regard of the German Man, on the natural values which we feel to be noble. We are firmly of the conviction that the German people has no original sin, but only original nobility." It is in their hands that the Church will lie, and it is for them that Dr. Frey fears. Hauer's famous "German Vision of God" claims a chapter to itself, a God of Earth, Blood and *Volk*, a community with services, or rather rites, to be consummated by the German people only, and prescribing baptisms under a pear tree, the godparents chanting pagan hymns. The effort to form a German People's Church, by combining Evangelical, Lutheran, and even Roman Catholic Churches, and boiling them down to a uniform heathenism, defeated its own object, for the branches were further estranged than before, after a committee had pronounced the attempt unsuccessful. Dr. Frey expects no earthly assistance in this struggle, and the old, confirmed Christians will die off, to give way to a generation of Germans baptised under pear trees.

Ballet in Action. By MERLYN SEVERN. Introduction and notes by ARNOLD HASKELL. *Lane.* 42*s.*

This book contains 230 reproductions in collotype of snapshots taken during actual performances of 40 ballets. It also contains a pretentious preface in which Miss Severn, who is supported by the indefatigable Arnold Haskell, takes herself *au plus grand sérieux*, claiming for her photographs that they are an "interpretation" of the ballets, and for her camera that it is a "critic"—which is to overvalue her function to the same degree as the publishers have overpriced her book. Judged as photographs—and there really seems to be no adequate reason for judging them as anything else—these reproductions do not make a very brave showing. Many of them reflect only too plainly, by lack of definition, blurring of detail, or faulty focusing, the unsympathetic conditions in which they were taken, and while there are some which are completely successful, there are others which are frankly ridiculous—for example, the photograph on page 3, which shows Baronova in a *pas de deux* with a pair of amputated masculine legs, attended by limbless and fogbound *coryphées*. In spite of the artistic failure of Miss Severn's method, there is no doubt that her photographs will be of value to students of the ballet in facilitating the study of certain aspects of technique. Her work would have been more valuable in this respect if she had realised that sensational action photographs, shot from an angle which absurdly exaggerates elevation, have about as much bearing on the art of ballet as have the soaring goalkeepers who grace the sporting pages of Sunday papers.

Bow Street World. By ALBERT LIECK. *Robert Hale.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The author of this book was as nearly the perfect clerk of a magistrate's court as is humanly possible. He is shrewd, kindly and has that prodigious memory for single instances which is necessary for the successful administration of our somewhat confused legal system. Also, he has the sense of humour which is indispensable in a Court of Justice. He makes few suggestions for change, but his book is a storehouse of facts useful to reformers of our system of criminal justice. When, however, he does advocate reform his proposals are definite and practical. Speaking of lay magistrates and the injustice they often create, he says:

> What is the remedy? A drastic purge of the bench, a strict limitation of the number which can sit as a court of summary jurisdiction, and the appointment of whole-time clerks, from whom the justices should by statute be required to take their law.

Mr. Lieck's criticisms of police evidence, "the judge's rules," the law as to sexual offences, and various points of practice are shrewd and based on long practical experience, though they will not meet with universal acceptance. It is refreshing to note that he does not share the superstitious reverence for His Majesty's Judges which is often a hindrance to clear thinking on legal matters. On p. 19 he gives an instance of how Mr. Avory, as he was then, boldly defied a judge when his client was unfairly treated. Unfortunately, Mr. Lieck appears to have a mind as disorderly as the Common Law of England. One is often reminded of Mark Twain's *The Ascent of Vesuvius*. But, although without form, the book is very far from being void. It should be read by everyone who wishes to understand the practical administration of English Criminal Justice.

The Education of a Diplomat. By HUGH WILSON. *Longmans.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Wilson, before being made Assistant Secretary of State in America, was Ambassador to Germany and has been a secretary in embassies and legations in Lisbon, Buenos Aires, Berlin, Berne and Vienna. He was in Berlin, Vienna and Berne during the war years. These memoirs do not cover his later years as an ambassador but describe how he educated himself for the responsible posts he afterwards attained. He has written a good book full of frankness, tact and common sense. There are few memoirs by American diplomats, perhaps because their activities are not sinister enough to seem worth writing down, perhaps because, with a few notable exceptions just after the Civil War, the American diplomatic corps has not attracted

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good minds, until the present generation. When Mr. Wilson joined the diplomatic service it was the Cinderella of American professions; but the prospects of disillusionment could not lessen his enthusiasm. This is not merely a book of political opinions, it is also a delightful travel book written by a man who sees towns and countries in their historical perspective and can excite in us the desire to travel. He has no sensational secrets to reveal, but his opinions help us considerably in estimating the probable trend of American foreign policy. Discussing the problem of peace at the end of the book he writes:—"Peace machinery is, I think, adequate; it is clarity and calmness of judgment that is needed. Without this disinclination for war will not be a deterrent and peace machinery will crack. . . . Perhaps the creation of an ordered world is worth the risk of war. This I am not discussing. I merely insist that we must urge no policy which carries with it the slightest risk without having thought through the problem, without having reckoned the cost. If they (the Pacifist and Left Wing youth) could crystallise our thought as to what is worth and what is not worth a struggle, then indeed youth would have proved itself wiser than age. . . ." A view which reveals why the English and American foreign offices work in such accord at the moment. Presumably both are convinced that a strong stand for international law would lead to a cataclysm.

Week-end Competitions

No. 443

Set by Stephen Spender

A short time ago a man in New York threatened, after a quarrel with his family, to throw himself off a ledge at the top of a New York skyscraper. He did so, after his family had failed in their intercessions with him, lasting for ten hours. The usual prizes are offered for any reasons, amorous, commercial, political, religious, psychological or scientific, which might dissuade a man firmly determined to commit suicide in the same way and in the present phase of the world's history, from doing so. Entries must not exceed 300 words.

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1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, September 9th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 441

Set by V. Sackville-West

Certain daily papers make a popular feature of "poems" printed as though they were prose. The name of the late Wilhelmina Stitch need scarcely be recalled. A first prize of Two Guineas and a Second prize of Half a Guinea are offered for a "poem" of not more than 200 words, based on these models. Poems may be sentimental, humorous, uplifting; "Always trust a man who smokes a pipe" or "the old folks at the chimney corner" gives the *genre*. Competitors may choose any subject, but they would perhaps find inspiration in some extract which has appeared in *This England* during the last month.

Report by V. Sackville-West

The entries for this competition were numerous, and nearly all competitors had caught the right spirit. Among the failures, perhaps the most gallant attempt was submitted by Bosun, who appended a footnote saying: "Regret to report that I had not heard of Wilhelmina, nor have been able to get hold of any of her stuff." Donald Hughes ended neatly, though not at all in accordance with the *genre* to be reproduced: "Good intentions lead to hell, so it might be just as well if I took a stitch in time by abandoning this rhyme. Let us pause and ponder now, what will hell mean anyhow? Will it mean a pain—and which? Tell me, will hell mean a stitch?" Among other humorous efforts, Robert Gaffikin and J. M. Stoddart are to be commended; I liked the latter's opening lines: "When I am in my bath I wish I were a little silver fish with golden scales and gleaming fins instead of horrid hairy shins," but although I smiled I felt that the subject was not one on which the spinster pen of Miss Stitch and her followers would have been likely to dwell. A batch of possible winners remained, including Stilmena, Patriot, Katherine Busvine, Towanbucket, Hydrocharis, Pax, A. S. Gillman and J. C. Brooks, but on the whole the authentic note seemed best to be caught by J. C. B. Date and Ellen.

FIRST PRIZE

TO-DAY'S MESSAGE FROM MARIGOLD MUFFET.

As I read my morning newspaper each morning when I rise, I shudder at the dreadful things that pass before my eyes: the horrors and the toll of death, the fear of coming wars, the awful floods and plagues that rage on China's stricken shores. But then I see the milkman's boy come running on his way, and every day he smiles at me and wishes me good-day. I don't suppose he's clever like the men who write the news; I don't suppose he understands about the Czechs and Jews; but when I see his happy smile that shows his honest heart, my worries and anxieties like April showers depart. I know that while such smiles as these in England here we see, whatever horrors stalk abroad, we shall be safe and free. J. C. B. DATE

SECOND PRIZE.

SANCTUARY

How can I help the poor old world to cast away its load of gloom? Though wars may rage in other climes, I'll bring peace to *my* little room. Upon the table's polished top I'll set a bowl of blue and white and fill it full with fragrant flowers to breathe a breath of quiet delight. The windows then I'll open wide and 'twixt the fluttering curtains sheen will come the twittering of the birds, the purling of the brook unseen. And then when all is neat and bright I'll sit in Mother's hallowed chair and quietly knit my winter's vest.. . . . At dusk I'll breathe a gentle prayer for restless souls across the sea who shoot and bomb with childish glee. Oh! may they come to know at last the peace of home's sweet sanctuary! ELLEN

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 296.—THE PYRAMID AND THE RADIX

By A. C. YOUNG

I heard the Colonel fold his newspaper and drop it beside him. "By the way," he said, "Got a problem here. Might interest you."

I lowered my own paper and waited while he rummaged for his pipe and tobacco.

"I expect you remember a game called Pyramid Patience or something?"

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LOT'S WIFE by Peter Blackmore.
NORA SWINBURNE. J. H. ROBERTS.
"Laughter in every line."—*Daily Herald.*

AMBASSADORS. Tem. 1171. EVGS., 8.30
Mats., Wednesdays & Fridays, 2.30
"SPRING MEETING"
A Light Comedy by M. J. Farrell and John Perry.

APOLLO. (Ger. 2663.) 8.30. Tues. & Thurs., 2.30.
IDIOT'S DELIGHT
by Robert E. Sherwood
LEE TRACY. TAMARA GEVA

DUCHESS, Catherine St., W.C.2. Tem. 8243.
Evenings, 8.30. Matinees, Wed. & Thurs., 2.30.
GLORIOUS MORNING
by NORMAN MACOWAN.

GARRICK. Tem. 4601. 8.30. Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.
POISON PEN
By Richard Llewellyn.
WALTER FITZGERALD. DOROTHY BLACK.

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. EVGS., 8.30 sharp.
Mats., WEDS. and SATS., 2.30 sharp.
ROBERT'S WIFE
By ST. JOHN ERVINE.

HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272. 8.15. Th., Sat., 2.30.
FRANCES DAY, STANLEY LUPINO
ADELE DIXON, RALPH READER
in **THE FLEET'S LIT UP**

LYRIC. Ger. 3686. Evgs., 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.
GODFREY TEARLE, MARGARET RAWLINGS in
THE FLASHING STREAM
by CHARLES MORGAN.

PLAYHOUSE. Whi. 7774.
Evgs., 8.30. (Ex. Mon.) Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.
NANCY PRICE in
"THOU SHALT NOT—"
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ST. JAMES'. (Whi. 3903.) 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.
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BANANA RIDGE
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"Yes, quite amusing."

"You've probably heard a yarn about a monastery in Thibet where the monks amuse themselves with the game of Pyramid Patience consisting of 64 pieces. According to this story the end of the world was to arrive when these johnnies had finished messing about with their squares, or some such awful rot."

"Well," the Colonel continued, "When I was in Thibet we visited one of these monasteries. The Lama chappie was quite a decent sort of bloke, and I asked him about this business of the 64 pieces and the end of the world. He said he'd never heard of anyone using 64 pieces but told us about a monk who had gained merit or something by working on a pyramid consisting of quite a large number of pieces. He said the minimum number of moves required was 14,640. When I asked him how many pieces were used he said I could calculate the number from the information he had given."

"And did you?"

"Er—no," the Colonel replied, a trifle brusquely I thought. "Couldn't be bothered. Gave the beastly thing to a scientific johnny who was with our party."

"And he found it couldn't be done," I suggested.

"Matter of fact, he did, although I don't know how the deuce you know, so we went back to the old boy and told him it was impossible to work out his beastly problem. Then he asked to see our calculations. After looking at them a moment or two he said that obviously our numerical system was based on a different something or other from his own."

"Different radix?" I volunteered.

"Yes, that was it—different radix. Well, when we asked him what his rotten old radix was he just grinned and said that would make another interesting problem for us. He said he'd give us some more information and then we could calculate the radix and the number of pieces in the pyramid. The extra information was that the two things differed by 1. I didn't know what the devil the old boy was driving at. Lot of damn nonsense I thought. Still, I've given you the correct figures. Found them in an old note book I turned out yesterday."

What was the number of pieces in the pyramid?

NOTE.—Pyramid Patience is played with a wooden board to which are attached three posts, and a number of square pieces of wood uniformly graduated in size. The squares have a hole through the middle so that they can fit on to the posts.

Originally the squares are arranged on one of the posts in the form of a pyramid, the largest square being at the bottom. The game consists of moving the squares one by one on to any of the posts until the pyramid has been entirely transferred from the original post to one of the others. This must be accomplished without ever placing any square on a smaller square.

PROBLEM 294.—THE SIMIAN LEAGUE

Solution by H. E. G. Emmett.

Let number of clubs last year = a, and number added this year = b.
Matches played last year = $a(a-1)$, this year $(a+b)(a+b-1)$.
Then $(a+b)(a+b-1) - a(a-1) = 16b$.

i.e. $b^2 + 2ab - b = 16b$

$\therefore \quad b + 2a - 17 = 0 \quad$ (or $b = 0$)

$\therefore \quad b = 17 - 2a$.

Also $(a+b+1)(a+b) - (a+b)(a+b-1) - a(a-1) = 4$.

i.e. $-a^2 + 3a + 2b = 4$.

Substitute $(17 - 2a)$ for b.

$-a^2 - a + 30 = 0$

$\therefore a = 5$ or -6.

Positive root only is permissible, and $b = 7$.

$\therefore$ *Number of clubs last year* = 5

this year = 12.

PROBLEM 293.—THE SOCCER CHAMPIONSHIP

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: Fred Kay, 414 Leigh Road, Westhoughton, Bolton, Lancs.

Seven points are awarded.

PROBLEM 292.—DOTARD'S CLUB.

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A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

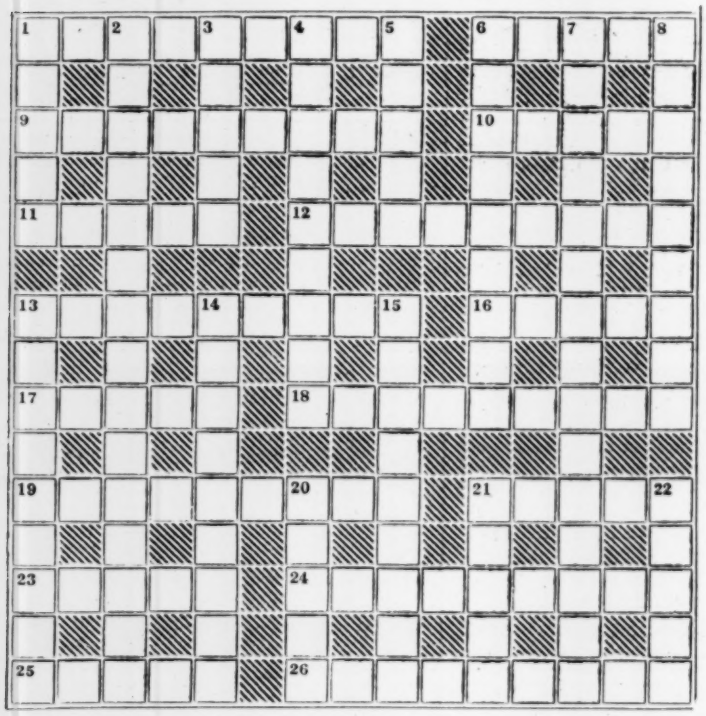
In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 443

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
E. F. Watling, 21 Sale Hill, Sheffield 10

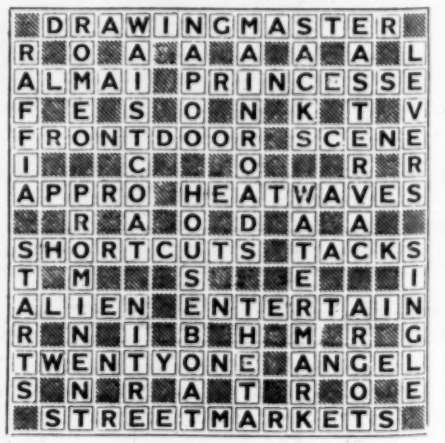
ACROSS

1. How the drunkard may be undone? (9)
6. The result of having children. (5)
9. It's proper to be round about 45 inches. (9)
10. Aunt and I produced him between us. (5)
11. They will make you stare, or even reduce you to tears. (5)
12. Sounds like a Knight Bachelor. (9)
13. Music at the halt? (9)
16. Ann has such a weight to declare. (5)
17. The King's fountain perhaps. (5)
18. This would not come in the form of hard cash. (9)
19. Where one gets judgment apace for amount. (9)
21. Its function is to come out on strike. (5)
23. De Valera is evidently within. (5)
24. Involved in a lovely mix up humanly speaking. (9)
25. The works of Job. (5)
26. One prepares to avoid them. (9)

DOWN

1. It is customary for it to be served with sole. (5)
2. Firing squads. (15)
3. Property of Macgillicuddy. (5)
4. Is this a description of Borneo, for instance. (9)
5. The ruder sort of artist. (5)
6. Not how the Mufti was found. (9)
7. One leaves them, as it were, all of a prickle. (15)
8. Superlatively at an end. (9)
13. She took L'Aiglon's part. (9)
14. Unconsciously foolish. (9)
15. What Timon of Athens offered his guests. (9)
20. Gardeners from the shore. (5)
21. House at which one should find a human alternative. (5)
22. They provide cover for beasts. (5)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD



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